

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

(Established, 1836.)

ONE of the oldest banks doing business in this country.

56 Branches in Canada and the United States.

Farmers afforded every facility in their banking business.

Sale Notes cashed or taken for collection.

Drafts bought and sold.

Prompt attention given to collections.

Savings Bank Dept.—Deposits of \$1.00 and upward received. Interest paid every three months.

FENELON FALLS BRANCH.
W. A. BISHOP, Manager.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN DELAMERE,
County Clerk, Prov. Co. Haliburton.
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator,
etc., Licensed Auctioneer for the County.
MINDEN, ONT.

M. CLAUHLIN PEEL, & SONS,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries.
Office, Corner of Kent and William Sts.
over Dominion Bank, Lindsay.
Money to loan on real estate.
R. J. McLAUGHLIN, K.C., Jas. A. PEEL,
A. McFULTON, B.A.

F. A. McDIARMID,
Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
FENELON FALLS, ONT.

DRS. NEELANDS & IRVINE,
DENTISTS, LINDSAY.
Attention regular visits to Minden.

DR. BOWEN . . .
PHYSICIAN SURGEON, ETC.
OFFICE HOURS:
From 9 a.m. until Noon.
Minden - - - - - Ontario.

DR. M. B. ANNIS,
Eyesight Specialist
(SUCCESSOR TO R. R. MILNE, D.O.)
Office and Parlors, 92 Kent st., Lindsay,
over Neill's Shoe Store
LINDSAY, ONT.

Special attention given to examining and treating the eye with proper lenses if required.
Lenses, Eyeglasses, and Spectacles fitted and adjusted.
Hours: 9 to 5, Saturday Evenings and by appointment.

DR. J. H. SOADY,
B.A., M.A., M.C.P.S.O.
Successor to Dr. Mackenzie. Honor Graduate McGill and Toronto Universities.
Ex-House Surgeon Toronto General Hospital.

OFFICE OPPOSITE THE WATER HOUSE, HALIBURTON.

THE MINDEN HOTEL.
ALBERT JONES, Proprietor.

This House has been completely renovated and furnished in first class style. Rates \$1.00 a day.

Good Sample Rooms and Accommodation for Commercial Travellers, and the General Public will find this a comfortable Hostelry, with good Board, clean Beds and Careful attendance, capacious Stabling, and a good hostler kept. Liquors & Cigars of the best Brands always on hand.

Dominion Hotel.
Minden, Ontario.

The Proprietor of this well-known hotel wishes to inform his friends and acquaintances and the public that since he has rented this house he has made it both internally and externally suitable to all who may favor him with a call. Good Sample rooms, large and commodious stabling and store house. A well kept table, meals to be had at all hours. The bar well supplied with Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars of the best quality.

JOHN J. MORTIMER PROPRIETOR

Local Lines

The Fowl Supper, at Gelert, was a decided success. The proceeds amounted to over \$25.

Mr. J. H. Stanton, the photographer, will be in Minden next Tuesday, SHOW DAY. Don't forget to call around and see him.

Mr. James Chambers, of Carnarvon, passed through here on Monday evening after having spent the summer in the wilds of New Ontario, with Mr. Niven's surveying party.

Miss Brabson started for her former home in North Ontario County, during the week.

Get a Fan Free to introduce our Gold Dollar Tea in the new lead package, we are giving away 500 fans, 1 fan with each pound of tea. Black, mixed or green 25c. a lb. at Soward's Central Cash Store.

Mr. S. Lewis, of Mariposa, passed through here on his way home, on Wednesday.

Reports says that Mr. H. Hobden cut 40 cords of wood in ten hours with his sawing machine, for Messrs Richmond Hogg and J. Pritchard.

Handkerchief Special.—10 doz. handkerchiefs dark blue ground with white dots, assorted patterns, size 18x18, 5c. each at Soward's Central Cash Store.

The round elm and cedar timber that made such a showing while in the bank of the river, has been mostly all driven down out of sight, to carry the piers of the bridge. Hundreds of loads of stone and sand are being used, and the general verdict is that Mr. Webster understands his business and is making a good job of it. A steam cement mixer is to be on hand next week and those who look on will still have something new to interest them.

A Basket Social will be held in Mr. Prentice's School, S.S. No. 8, Minden and Anson, on the evening of the 30th inst. Everyone is invited. Ladies please bring baskets.

Bird's mackinaw coats and pants also knee pants just to hand, these goods are hard to get, buy when you can at Soward's Central Cash Store.

Mr. H. H. Chapman, Merchant Tailor, Fenelon Falls, will be in MINDEN, ON FAIR DAY, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1st with a full line of the best clothing obtainable in the trade and guarantees all orders filled promptly and in first-class style. Your trade solicited.

Mr. James Stubbs, conducted a really high-class entertainment in the town hall here on Tuesday evening. His moving pictures, stereopticon views and lecture are all strictly first-class, with nothing to cause a blush to come the most sensitive persons cheek, and with everything to commend it to the masses.

Just received car load of Windsor Salt, in barrels, 100 lb. sacks, 50-lb. bags at Soward's Central Cash Store.

A recent copy of "The Vidette," published at Indian Head, Sask., contains a very good picture of Mr. Wm. J. Stevenson, formerly of Minden; also the school of which he is principal. There is a staff of seven teachers, two hundred and three pupils, and it is said the attendance will increase. Mr. Stevenson is president of the Central Sask. Teachers' Association.

Horn's woollen yarn, flannel and mackinaw just to hand, yours in both 2 and 3 ply, black, white, dark grey, light grey, scarlet, cardinal and blue at Soward's Central Cash Store.

Miss Paton, of Lindsay, fashionable milliner, will be in Minden on Tuesday, Oct. 1st, prepared to serve her numerous customers.

Ladies' Vests a special line for fall, long sleeves, ribbed body, extra value at 20c. each at Soward's Central Cash Store.

A letter to a friend at Lochlin bears the sad news of the death of Mr. Douglas Palmer, formerly of Lochlin train. He was injured by a ballast train, 24 miles from Sudbury, on Monday, Sept. 16, at 1:30 p.m., and taken to the hospital at Sudbury where he died at 11 p.m., same night. It seems he was trying to get on the train and fell under the wheels which passed over his hip and leg.

The funeral took place on Wednesday at Bracebridge. He occupied the position of book-keeper on the C. N. R.

For Quality and Quantity ask your dealer for the new big plugs of "Bobs" "Stag" and "Currency" Chewing Tobaccos.

Mr. J. J. Townley, representing John J. Townley, merchant tailor, Fenelon Falls, will be in MINDEN; FAIR DAY, OCT. 1st, all day.

GIANT TRIPLETS—"Currency" "Bobs" and "Stag" Chewing Tobaccos, in big plugs. Quality always the same.

WALK YOUR HORSES.

Bridge foreman Webster says, parties who drive over the old bridge at a faster rate than a walk, will do so at their own risk.

—Fall Goods now arriving, come and see our nice range of Wrapperettes at 12c., 13c., and 16c., at Soward's Central Cash Store.

ACCIDENT AT MOUNT.

Yesterday as Mr. Nel Wilson was driving down the grade in front of the Northern Hotel with a load of slab-wood, it began slipping forward as he was sitting on the front of the load, fell forward of the wheels which passed over his abdomen. A phone message this morning says he still lives. He is a son of Mr. James Wilson, of Kinnaird, and a son-in-law of Mr. Wm. Ritchie, of Gelert.

—New fruits—lemons, oranges, bananas, pears, grapes, plums and peaches at Soward's Central Cash Store.

DEATH OF MR. SAMUEL WELCH.

The hand of death has again visited our village, and, this time has removed an aged and respected citizen, in the person of Mr. Samuel Welch, who has been for thirty-two years a resident of this district. He came from Dorsetshire, England, and chose to make a home for his family in the County of Haliburton, where he won many friends by his quiet unassuming ways.

His life has been marked with good health up to two years ago, when he began to show that age was telling upon him.

An aged widow, four sons, and two daughters survive him, viz: James, of Hall's Lake; John, of Minden; Mrs. Noice, of Minden; Mrs. Johnston, of St. Louis, Mo.; Wm. of Maple Lake; and Harry, of Minden; while Mr. Wm. Welch sr., of Boskung in an only surviving brother.

The funeral took place to the Minden Cemetery, on Thursday, six grandsons acting as pallbearers.

—Come to Minden's Fair, Oct. 1st Central Cash Store.

MRS. DEAN

has returned to the city with a large stock of

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY,

and is prepared to meet her customers at any time.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Irwine of Neelands & Irwine, dentists, Lindsay, will be at: Haliburton, Lucas Hotel, Oct 1 Minden, Jones Hotel, 2 days, Oct 2, 3

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, LINDSAY, ONT.

Mr. A. M. Paton, of Lindsay, for years agent for the Grand Trunk Railway Co., has opened a School of Telegraphy in Lindsay. The demand for operators far exceed the supply. A common school education is all that is necessary. Mr. Paton's wide and varied experience in the Freight and Passenger department, as well as Commercial and Railway Telegraphy, work, gives his school an advantage over any other similar institution in Canada. Terms are easy and six months in his school will make a good operator of any boy of average intelligence. Here is an opportunity for young men and women to get a business in six months or less, and be in a position to command a good salary in early spring. Railway Telegraphy leads the way to success. Write for particulars, address

A. M. PATON,
Principal National School of Telegraphy, Lindsay.

A letter from Mr. Walter Hay, to a friend in Minden, contains the following: "We are in a pretty nice country, 75 miles from Calgary, 7 miles from Carbon, and close to lots of coal. We have a good spring at our door, live between two creeks, and are only two miles from timber. We get a lease for 25 cents to cut all the timber we want. It was too bad we did not come here sooner. If we had, we could have a lot of money now; but I suppose it was not to be. I wish you could spend one month here and see this country. Five men and two teams can put up thirty tons of hay in one day. There are thousands of acres here where we can cut three tons to the acre.

Well, we have not made much since we came here yet, but there is a chance to grow anything that one wants. It was too late to put in any crop when I got my place, so I only have potatoes, and I just ploughed them into the sod, and they are fine now.

Write, and I will tell you all the in's and out's of everything next time.

ENTERPRISE STORE.

JUST TO HAND

The Largest Stock of Dry Goods ever Offered in the County. . . .

Wool Sweaters for Men and Boys. Wool and Fleece Lined Underwear for old and young. Shaker Flannel Blankets. Shaker Sheeting, and a complete line of Flannelettes, Suitings, and Fine Dress Goods.

In Clothing we are showing extra value in Men's Suits, also a special line of Gents Rain Coats, Men's heavy Coats and Pants from Bird's Mackinaw, also Freize Reefers for Men and Boys.

In Boots and Shoes we have a complete line from the heaviest to the finest goods, also Shoe-packs and Larrigans.

Groceries, Hardware and Tinware—Flour and Feed always on hand.

Cash or Trade for Merchantable Produce.

D. J. HARTLE

Start the Savings Habit

When you earn a dollar, make it earn something for you. A dollar saved is two dollars better than a dollar spent.

We make a specialty of Savings Bank Accounts.

Interest is added 4 times a year.

A bank account will give you confidence and that is the surest way to success.

Sterling Bank of Canada, MINDEN.

OFFICE HOURS:
Open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Saturdays to 9 p.m.

O. W. BORRETT, Manager.

\$70.00 Will buy a 10 year old Gold Dust Mare in foal to the Minden Syndicate horse, guaranteed O.K. Also other horses for sale. Apply to

DICK FRY,
Carnarvon.

FOR SALE

Four heavy horses, can be seen in Haliburton. For full particulars apply to

D. DAVIS,
Haliburton, Ont.

Improved Farm for Sale

Farm containing 200 acres, 60 acres cleared, 50 acres fitted up for machinery, good frame house, kitchen and woodshed, commodious out-buildings, young orchard, 2 wells. Eight miles from Minden. Will be sold on easy terms.—Apply to

S. LEWIS,
Elsie P.O.

BANK OF MONTREAL

FENELON FALLS.
HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.
CAPITAL \$14,400,000.00
REST \$11,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$922,418.31

Interest added 4 times a year

Savings Bank Department

Deposits taken of \$1.00 and upwards.

Deposits can be withdrawn on demand.

R. M. HAMILTON
AGENT.

CHURCH NOTES

Sunday, Sept 29, 1907.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

CENTRE.
Rev. H. T. Archbold, Rural Dean.

Minden 11 a.m.
Minden 7 p.m.
Anson 3 p.m.

NORTH.

Rev. F. H. B. Cary.

Pine Lake, Saturday 7 p.m.
Maple Lake, Sunday 11 a.m.
Boskung, Sunday 3 p.m.
Hindon, Sunday 7:30 p.m.
Trumbull's Line, Thursday 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. E. W. Rowland, Pastor.

Dutch Line 9:30 a.m.
Gelert 11 a.m.
Ingoldsby 2:30 p.m.
Minden 7 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN SERVICES

Minden 10:30 a.m.
Twelve-Mile Lake 2:30 p.m.
Haliburton, (Methodist church) 7 p.m.

MINDEN ECHO

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27 / 9 / 1907

MINDENECHO

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Can You Shoot?

We have in Cartridge,

38 and 44 Winchester,
30-30 "
38-40 "
30 Soft Nose "
38-55 "
38, 32 and 22 short
44 Ballard.

Centre and Rim-fire Cartridge of various styles,
Primers, Caps, Wads, Etc.

Blasting and Sporting Powder.

GORRIE'S DEPARTMENTAL STORE, HALIBURTON.

For all Supplies.

"Bull's-eye every Time."



The Mail Stage Route,

BETWEEN

Minden & Gelert,

Twice Daily Each Way.

Leaves Minden at 4.30 a.m. and 3
p.m. returning from Gelert immedi-
ately after arrival of trains.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY

IN CONNECTION.

ARTHUR STINSON,
PROPRIETOR

JOHN WELCH

Is Agent in Minden for all kinds of

Farm Implements

AND

MACHINERY

Comprising Reapers and Mowers,
Binders, Horse Rakes, Seeders, Straw
Cutters, Root Pulpers, Root Slicers,
Ploughs, Harrows and Weathers.

Sample Machines

AND

Repairs of all Kinds

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Prices very reasonable

INSPECTION OF GOODS
SOLICITED



W. D. PRIOR,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

MINDEN.

Who always keeps a large Stock of
COFFINS, CASKETS & TRIMMINGS,
LININGS AND SHROUDS.

Sunday and Night Calls can be left at
R. C. GARRATT'S.

Coffins delivered to any part as desired

If you have anything for sale
advertise it in THE ECHO. It
will bring you a purchaser.

Minden Echo

ADVERTISING RATES.

YEARLY AGREEMENTS,

PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

Column—One year..... \$40
" —Six Months..... 25
" —Three Months..... 15
Half Column—One Year..... 25
" —Six Months..... 15
" —Three Months..... 12
Quarter Column—One Year..... 15
" —Six Months..... 10
" —Three Months..... 8

Transient Advertisements—8c. per line
first insertion; 5c. per line each subse-
quent insertion. Measured by a scale of
solid Nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Business Cards, One inch or under sin-
gle column, \$4 per annum.

All advertisements without written direc-
tions inserted till forbidden and charged
accordingly, and none discontinued till
paid for, except at publisher's option.

A file of this paper can be seen at the
office of Messrs E. & J. Hardy & Co., 30,
31 and 32 Fleet Street, London, England,
free of charge; and that firm will be glad
to receive news, subscriptions and adver-
tisements on our behalf.

DANGER IN POP BOTTLES.

ONE EXPLODED FRIDAY AT THE AGRICULTURAL GROUNDS.

Friday during the afternoon
rush at the Queen-st. Methodist
church boot, Mr. DeWillet Puffer
had rather a narrow escape from
serious injury. Mr. Puffer was
doing his best to keep slaked a
hundred patched and dry throats
eagerly calling for more, and de-
manding the most accurate
change even under the trying
conditions. At the height of a
loud, insistent chorus of "Here,
Mister!" he suddenly discovered
there were no more pop-bottles
in ice water, so, to save the situ-
ation, he made a jump from the
pop case, the tub with a hand-
ful of bottles and dropped them
into the water with rather
too much splash. Either the
quick change from hot to cold
or the sudden jar, cracked one of
the bottles, the pressure of the
gas inside did the rest, and a bot-
tle was blown to fragments all
over the landscape. Mr. Puffer,
of course, got the most of charge,
as he was leaning over the tub at
the time. A piece cut an artery
in his arm, some others lodged in
his face, and his hands were also
cut up. However, he removed
the splinters and went on bravely
with his work. In the evening
he seemed none the worse for his
mishap.—Lindsay Post.

HEAVILY FINED FOR SHORT TWINE.

Dominion inspector was busy in
the West.

Lesson for American Firm

In addition to \$1,400 Fine, Loss
was \$10,000 on retagged stock.

Ottawa, Sept. 20.—J. L. Hay-
cock, Dominion Inspector of
Binder Twine, states that while
in the West he imposed fines a-
mounting to \$3,600 for short
twine. One American firm was
fined \$1,400 but, as an illustration
of the far reaching results of such
a fine, it actually cost the com-
pany \$12,000 by being forced to
retag what was in the hands of
the dealers. Some 250 tons had
to be retagged, reducing its value
\$40 per ton, making a loss of
about \$10,000. There were other
cases somewhat similar, but this
was the first.

PUFFER—CORNISH.

On Wednesday, Sept. 15th, a
quiet wedding was solemnized at
St. Andrew's manse at 4 o'clock
yesterday afternoon, when Miss
Lillian Mabel Cornish, niece of
Mrs. Thos. (Sharpe), 140 London
street, was united in marriage to
Mr. Elmer Puffer, of Toronto.
The ceremony was performed by
Rev. Mr. Duff in the presence of
a few intimate friends.

The bride, who was attended
by her cousin Miss Mabel Sharpe,
city, wore a neat brown travelling
gown. Mr. Will Sharpe, the
bride's cousin, was best man.

At the conclusion of the cere-
mony Mr. and Mrs. Puffer left on
the 4.48 train for Toronto, where
they will reside.

The bride formerly lived in
Port Hope, but has lived in the
city for the past two years, had
made many friends here.—Peter-
boro Examiner.

GENERAL.

Hon. A. G. McKay has been
chosen leader of the Liberal party
in Ontario, succeeding Hon. G. P.
Graham, who has been trans-
ferred to Ottawa.

Six months imprisonment for
being drunk on duty is the sen-
tence imposed upon a C. P. R. op-
erator at Vankleek Hill.

Engineer Mark B. Reid, who
was in the collision at Gourock,
where three men were killed, was
found guilty on the charge of
breaking the rules of the G.T.R.,
and was sentenced to nine months
imprisonment.

Dorset Doings

The summer tourists have about all
frown to the warmer climes, their homes.
The cold rainy days of late seemed to
hurry them away in haste. No wonder
the happy smile has passed into oblivion
from some of our worthys' faces.

Mrs. and Miss Wallace who spent the
summer at their Birkendale cottage, left
last week for their home in Toronto.
They were accompanied by Rev. Mr.
Lovering, who after visiting his parents
will re-enter Victoria University.

Miss Prof. Venita Pendleton, B.S., of
Columbia University, Bryn Athyn, after
spending her holidays at Bay View Farm,
left last week for her home. Miss Pend-
leton won a number of warm friends in her
two summers sojourn here who hope to
see her return.

Miss E. Roberts returned home Tues-
day after a pleasant week in the city with
her sister and friends there.

Mr. Boyce was at Huntsville last week.

Prof. Carpenter and family left here on
the 19th for their southern home.

Mr. J. Dawkins are again at their old
home.

Mr. John Sparks returned home Mon-
day from a trip north.

The large boats Algonquin and Iroquo
have retired for the winter and the small-
er boats are conveying the traffic, as they
incur less expense to the company, and
are sufficiently large to meet the demand.

Miss Emily Munt was home to Hunts-
ville over Sunday to see her brother, who
has typhoid fever. Miss Francis Munt,
graduate of Nichol's Hospital, Peterboro,
is nurse in charge, and their brother is
doing as well as could possibly be expected
in a case of typhoid.

Revs. Whitehead and Aldridge visited
and conducted services at the camps at
Hollow Lake this week. Rev. Aldridge
continuing this work through the winter.

The popular Presbyterian student, Rev.
Mr. McIntosh is about to leave our
midst to resume his theological course.
We wish him success.

About one hundred and seventy-five in-
vitations are out for the marriage of Capt.
Langford and Miss Dasie Salmon, on the
25th inst.

Reports says there is to be another
wedding on the 26th.

Mr. Harry Burk, of Huntsville, is spend-
ing his holidays at the home of his parents
at Birkendale.

The work is finished on the new Hol-
low Lake road, or rather the money is.
We understand it will take about another
\$500 to complete the road.

We hear the elevation on Rev. Mr.
Aldridge's physiognomy is causing him
some inconvenience of late.

Messrs Geo. and R. S. Cole, Jno. Remy
and Chas. McCan have returned home
from the north.

On the evening of Friday 20th, the
Methodist church was the scene of a very
pleasant social gathering in response to a
call from the Ladies' Aid. The occasion
was the gathering in the fruits of their
labor, in collecting for an autograph quilt,
also the presentation of prizes. The first
prize, a beautiful gold locket and chain,
was awarded to Miss Kathleen Dawkins,
she having far outstripped all other com-
petitors. Mrs. N. Langford captured the
second prize, "something mysterious in an
envelope."

The Rev. W. Whitehead who has been
enjoying the scenery and other beauties
in this vicinity, filled the speakers chair in
his able manner, and made the presenta-
tions, in response for which the Rev. R.
Aldridge in a few well chosen words ac-
knowledgeed on behalf of the ladies.

The very handsome sum of \$77 was re-
ported, to which an unknown amount will
be added as one of the collectors was un-
avoidably absent. May success ever at-
tend their efforts.

The Rev. McIntosh preached his fare-
well sermon on Sunday evening last to a
crowded house. He leaves for Toronto
in a few days to resume his studies.

Elsie.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wood returned

home to Toronto after a very pleasant
summer with Mrs. Chambers, of Elsie

Mr. G. Hargrave, B. McKnight, C.
Crosby returned to Toronto on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wood, Mrs. Chambers,
G. Hargrave, B. McKnight and C. Crosby
spent a most pleasant evening at Wm.
Hogg's, Allsaw, on Friday evening the
20th.

Gooderham Gleanings

Mrs. P. Barr is the guest of her daughter
Mrs. Curry, at Haliburton.

Miss Campbell, of Easonville, called on
friends here Saturday and Sunday.

A number of our good people attended
the Lindsay fair, among whom we notic-
ed were Mr. A. Walker, Mr. J. E. Hunter,
Mr. and Mrs. John White, Mr. and Mrs.
McConnell, and several others.

Mrs. J. Graham, of Ursa passed through
the village on her way home from a short
vacation spent with friends in Kinmount.

A number of young people took in the
concerts at Tory Hill, Tuesday and
Wednesday evenings, who says Gooder-
ham people are not sports.

Allsaw.

Mr. Malcolm preached a very helpful
sermon in our church on Sunday. We
regret that he cannot remain with us.

Miss Effie Minaker has returned from
the city.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. S. Mc-
Knight is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison, of West
Guilford, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mor-
rison's father, Mr. Wm. Davidson.

Sales Register.

Mr John Brown's sale of stock, imple-
ments, hay, &c., Wednesday, Oct. 2nd,
at Peterson Road east of Carnarvon.
R. H. BAKER, Auctioneer.

Mrs. Fred Spencer's sale of farm, farm
stock and implements, etc., Oct. 8th, at
her home near Miner's Bay, Lutterworth.
R. H. BAKER, Auctioneer.

Mr. John F. McPhee's sale of horses,
cattle, sheep, implements, hay, oat sheaves,
and household goods; Tuesday, Oct. 15,
at Ingoldsby.
R. H. BAKER, Auctioneer.

Mr. H. Fetterly's sale of Horses, cattle,
implements, etc., Oct. 22, at Maple Lake,
Stanhope.
R. H. BAKER, Auctioneer.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that a Court
will be held pursuant to the Ontario
Voters' List Act by His Honor the Judge
of the County Court of the County of
Victoria and Haliburton, in the Court
Room in the Village of Minden on the
15th day of October 1907, at 10 o'clock
a.m., to hear and determine complaints of
errors and omissions in the Voters' List
of the Municipality of Anson and Hindon,
for the year 1907.

Dated this 26th day of Sept. 1907.

T. H. ROGERS, Clerk.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Court
will be held pursuant to the Ontario
Voters' List Act, by His Honor the Judge
of the County Court of the County of
Victoria, at Andersons Hall, at Tory
Hill, on the 17th day of October, 1909, at
1 o'clock in the afternoon to hear and de-
termine complaints of errors and omis-
sions in the Voters' List of the Municipal-
ity of Monmouth for 1907.

Dated this 23rd September, 1907.

ALEX RILEY,

Clerk of Monmouth.

A Good Combination:

IS THE

Toronto World

Daily

AND THE

Minden Echo

Weekly,

A whole Year for:

\$2.50

To any address in the Do-
minion of Canada.

Call or send your subscrip-
tion to:

MINDEN ECHO, Minden, Ont.

MINDEN ECHO

27 | 9 | 1907

NOTICE

F. OALINER

CHOCOLATE MEATS ALWAYS
BUTCHER MINDEN

MINDEN ECHO

27 | 9 | 1907

904-30
** **

904-30
** **



REMARKABLE INVENTION FOR THE Culture OF HAIR

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp. The minute blood vessels are gently stimulated to activity, thus allowing the food supply which can only be derived from the blood, to be carried to the hair roots, the effects of which are quickly seen in a healthy, vigorous growth of hair. There is no rubbing, and as no drugs or chemicals of whatever kind are employed there is nothing to cause irritation. It is only necessary to wear the Cap three or four minutes daily.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL! The Company's Guarantee.

An EVANS VACUUM CAP will bring you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, Eng., the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand without questions or comment, at any time during the trial period.

The eminent Dr. L. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) stated that if a means could be devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair roots), without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

Dr. W. MOORE, referring to the invention, says that the principal upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.

An illustrated and descriptive book of the Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent, post free, on application.

THE SECRETARY, EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., LIMITED,
Regent House, Regent Street, London, W.

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CLERK'S NOTICE OF FIRST POST- ING OF VOTERS' LIST.

Voters' List 1907, Municipality of the Township of Snowden, County of Haliburton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 8 and 9 of the Voters' List Act R. S. O., 1897, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality at elections for members of Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections and that said List was first posted up in my office in the Township of Snowden on the 16th September, 1907, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said List and if any omissions or other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected.

E. B. MUNN,
Township Clerk, Snowden.

PATENTS GUARANTEED

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to Obtain a Patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense. Patents taken out through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address,

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(Patent Attorneys),
Evans Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

RAN THE GAUNTLET.

Irish Convict Risks Life Imprisonment For a Holiday.

Into the lion's den, and out again, with the prospect of being recognized and given up to complete a life sentence, James Lynchhaun, the notorious prison-breaker, actually returned for a holiday to his own home in Achill, Ireland. His only protection was the fidelity of his former friends and the assumption of the name of "Cooney." The audacity of the adventure was enough to take one's breath away, and was quite in keeping with the man's amazing career. He was born in Achill about 1859, and after holding an appointment as a school teacher in Galway, he served in the Manchester and Liverpool police forces. One of Lynchhaun's first orders when he joined the Manchester police was to hunt for himself, as he was wanted in connection with a charge which caused his flight from Ireland. After being a leader of irreconcilables and of Mayo eviction fighters, he appeared as steward to Mrs. Agnes McDonnell, of Achill. It was alleged that, as an act of vengeance for his dismissal, he set fire to her stable, and when she rushed out, attacked her savagely, bit her, tore out an eye, and flung her into the burning building. She recovered to give evidence against him. He escaped from the car and two policemen on the way to Westport Gaol by jumping, handcuffed, when one of the men leant over to ask the other for a light. His later arrest was said to be due only to his wish that a hard-up friend might get the reward of £100 offered. After trial he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. In 1905, being to the unfinished state of Maryborough Prison, he succeeded in getting free. The exit to the roof was insecure, and Lynchhaun noted this. His cell door had a white indicator to show when it was bolted. He plugged the socket of the hook-bolt, so that it did not shut, but counterfeited the white indicator by a piece of a leaf from a book. He made up his bed to look as if he were asleep, crept out to the roof, slid down a pipe, and climbed the wall by help of planks used by the builders. During the futile search for him for many months afterwards several unfortunate people, including a clergyman at the Gaol, were arrested or detained by police owing to their resemblance to the prisoner. By following the tracks of his wife and child, detectives traced Lynchhaun to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, (where he escaped though his house was closely watched), and Chicago (where he was recognized one day by Davitt). He was finally found and bed in a house in Indianapolis. In 1903, British demand for extradition led to proceedings through the courts, and strenuous but less efforts were made to obtain it. The Supreme Court at Washington, in 1904, however, decided that he was in the nature of a political one, an act incidental to the attempt to overthrow landlordism. Accordingly he could not be surrendered and was given his freedom. The Mayo News states that Lynchhaun, during his holiday visit, was recognized only by few outside his immediate family circle. He visited Westport also, and spent a considerable time with former acquaintances. A postcard was recently received from him—he was then in Denmark—stating that he was on his way back to America.

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RIDGEVILLE, — ONT.

Haliburton Happenings

Mr. W. J. Austin has made a valuable discovery of mineral on the south east of Dark Lake. A company is being formed consisting of Lindsay and Toronto capitalists who intend prosecuting the prosecuting and development work. Mr. Austin informs me that this mine bids fair to beat the record of many mines in the far famed Cobalt region.

The saw-mills here will in the near future close for the season, after a very satisfactory summers work.

All the carpenters, painters and masons in the place are busy, new houses going up, and the old ones improved.

The scarcity of suitable dwelling houses seems to be our reason of the slow increase in the population of our village. (Adult population.)

Jim Fax the noted comedian, is to visit our town under the auspices of the I.O.F. on Oct. 10th. Let all who are able to enjoy a good laugh come to the Town Hall. Solomon himself admits there is a time to laugh as well as a time to mourn. Man only laughs; man, the heaviest organized being; and hence the definition that has been proposed of "Man a laughing animal." Lavater says, "shun that man who never laughs, who dislikes music or the glad face of a child." A good hearty laugh often shows the bright side of a man. So be sure and remember Jim Fax, Town Hall, Oct. 10th.

We are to be favored on the 10th Oct., by an entertainment given by James Fax, the world's greatest humorist under the auspices of the I.O.F. This society should be highly commended for bringing to the village so famous a man as Mr. Fax, and for their ambitious undertaking to guarantee the necessary receipts which will be approximately fifty dollars. The members of the I.O.F. solicit a good patronage from the village and surrounding country and those who participate will certainly be well rewarded as Mr. Fax comes highly recommended and the entertainment will not be confined to the

humorist when consideration is taken of the refreshments which the members of this society will provide. Ice cream and soft drinks will be available during the evening, and the remainder of the time after the concert will be spent, by all who desire tipping the light fantastic for which good music will be provided.

Those who miss this specialty will have a reason to regret being absent as it is safe to announce that this will be as good, if not the best entertainment that ever was given in Haliburton.

Mr. Yellowlees, of Toronto, is in the village tuning pianos and organs and has encountered quite a prolonged business.

Our annual fair was held on Thursday a fuller report will be given next week.

A large number of citizens visited Lindsay fair. A special train was run at a late hour each evening.

The pay train came up on Monday evening leaving a goodly number of cheques.

The A. Niven surveying party has returned from the far north.

Mr. Dan Heard of Tem'scaming is home on a visit. He reports crops and business in general very good.

The Methodists and Presbyterians of this place will hold a union service on Sunday evening next at 7 o'clock in the Methodist church.

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Minden, — Ontario.

CLERK'S NOTICE OF FIRST POST- ING OF VOTERS' LIST.

Voters' List 1907, Municipality of the Township of Lutterworth, County of Haliburton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality, to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections; and that said List was first posted up at my office, in the Township of Lutterworth, on the 17th day of August, 1907, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said List, and if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 17th day of August, 1907.
J. H. HULBIG,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

CLERK'S NOTICE OF FIRST POST- ING OF VOTERS' LIST.

Voters' List 1907, Municipality of the Township of Anson & Hinton, County of Haliburton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality, to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections; and that said List was first posted up at my office, at Carnarvon, on the 21st day of August, 1907, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said List, and if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 21st day of August 1907.
T. H. ROGERS,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

MINDEN ECHO

27/9/1907

1. 1. 1907

MINDEN ECHO

27/9/1907

27/9/1907

TRAINS COLLIDE IN FOG

Twenty-Five People Killed on the Quebec Express.

A despatch from Rutland, Vermont, says. Twenty-five persons were killed and thirty injured in a wreck on the Boston and Maine Railroad at West Canaan, sixty miles north of here, at 4.26 o'clock on Sunday morning. It was a head-on collision between a freight and passenger train, the latter being bound from Quebec for Boston. The majority of the killed were French-Canadians.

The cause of the accident, according to a statement given out by the railroad officials here, was the misunderstanding of orders sent to the crew of the freight. An original order had been issued giving this freight a clear right of way north out of Canaan, but this order was rescinded by a second one which called for the freight taking the siding.

In the collision, the freight train, which was going at high speed, the freight on a down grade of fifty feet to the mile. The impact was terrific. The engine of the passenger train telescoped the baggage car, day coach and part of a smoking car. The engine and six cars of the freight were piled in a heap.

NEARLY ALL CANADIANS.

The greatest loss of life occurred in

the coach of the passenger train, the coach immediately behind the baggage car. The occupants of this coach were for the most part French-Canadians bound for Manchester, Nashua and Lowell to work in the mills, and en route from Sherbrooke.

The accident occurred in a sparsely settled section, and there were no places to care for the injured. With the arrival of the wrecking trains a lot of the injured were hurried to Concord. Two more seriously injured were taken to the hospital at Hanover.

ALL KILLED IN ONE COACH.

The occupants of a combination smoking car and sleeper on the rear of the train escaped with only a shaking up. Those in the first coach behind the baggage car were all killed. This car crumpled like paper when telescoped by the baggage car and engine, and escape for the occupants was impossible.

Those on the train that escaped injury at all and many of those slightly hurt pitched in and worked hard in doing all that they could for the injured that were pinned in the wreck. A fire that started in the wreckage was quickly put out, and also women worked heroically in chopping and clearing at the wreckage in an effort to release the injured pinned in the debris.

The wrecked passenger train left White River Junction at 3.45 o'clock in the morning. She was 45 minutes late. Her being behind time is responsible for the shifting of the orders. The freight train was on time. The collision occurred on a straight stretch of track. Had the morning been clear, the engine crews would have seen each other and very likely the wreck would have been averted.

RAILWAY WORK DELAYED.

Government Road Cannot Procure Steel for Viaducts.

A despatch from Toronto says: The construction of certain viaducts on the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway has been delayed owing to the lack of steel. One of these viaducts is at Wabi and another at Waprebeag. A severe rainstorm caused a landslide at Taylor's Creek, south of Englehart, last week. The scarcity of labor, too, has kept work here. Men can receive excellent wages working in the mines and with prospecting parties. The recent miners' strike has not improved the labor situation any, since any kind of labor commanded high pay at the mines.

BIGGER TURBINE STEAMER.

Ship Builders Already at Work on New Boat for White Star.

A despatch from Belfast says: The shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff admit officially that they are at work upon plans for a White Star Line steamer that is to be bigger than the Lusitania. The keel of this vessel is to be laid in a few months, and she will be fitted with reciprocating engines and turbines. According to information received from another source, the new vessel is to be of 40,000 tons register.

JAPANESE PAPERS ARE SATISFIED

Convinced That Canadian Government Can Protect Aliens.

A despatch from London says: An article which appears in the Jiji Shimpo, of Tokio, says: "Regret has already been expressed by the Canadian Government, coupled with assurances that measures will be taken to prevent similar incident in future. A Royal message has even been sent to the Dominion authorities with reference to the matter. All this furnishes the clearest evidence that the Japanese have sympathy in official quarters. Moreover the power of the Dominion Government over individual States is greater than that of the Washington Government, and the Canadian police are more efficient than San Francisco's. There is therefore every reason to believe that the fullest protection will be given to our compatriots in Vancouver."

The Hochi Shimbun urges the necessity of taking effective steps for the protection of Japanese abroad. The Kokuin is gratified at the fact that the Japanese, youths and men, have shown themselves capable of self-defence in whatever corner of the world they may be, and expresses appreciation of the attitude of the British authorities and newspapers. The calmness with which the news of the mobbing was received is mainly traceable

to Japanese confidence in British friendship and justice.

SHOWING HER GOOD WILL.

The Morning Post remarks on the statement that Japan would voluntarily limit immigration into Canada: "In thus refraining from demanding her pound of flesh Japan is showing her good-will in a more convincing way than another power which, while exploiting its friendship for a kindred nation, habitually claims two pounds for every pound guaranteed by treaty."

ARRIVALS OF JAPANESE.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Reports received at the Department of Trade and Commerce show that during the month of August the Japanese arrivals at Victoria were 390, of whom 351 were males. Of these 102 proceeded to the United States. In addition to the above there were 226 arrivals who did not land, being en route to the United States; three en route to other parts of Canada, and three en route to other countries. During the first seven days in September 395 Japanese arrived at Victoria, 102 of whom proceeded to the United States. Many more are under advisement with the immigration authorities and may go to the United States.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 17.—Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white, 87c to 88c, outside. Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 northern, \$1.05½ to \$1.06. Corn—No. 3 yellow, 72c to 75c; No. 3 mixed, 74c. Barley—No. 2, 55½c; No. 3 extra, 53½c to 54c; No. 3, 50½c to 51c. Oats—Manitoba No. 2 white, 46c to 47c on track, at elevator; No. 2 mixed, 45½c.

Pens—Nominal at 75c for No. 2. Rye—No. 2 nominally, 70c. Flour—Ontario very strong; 90 per cent. patents in demand at \$3.45 to \$3.50; Manitoba, first patents, \$5.25 to \$5.40; seconds, \$4.60 to \$4.80; strong bakers, \$4.60 to \$4.70. Milled—Bran, \$22; shorts, \$24 to \$25, outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

The butter market is firm, with prices about the same as a week ago. Creamery, prints 23c to 25c do solids 21c to 22½c Dairy prints 21c to 22c do solids 19c to 20c Cheese—Large quoted at 12½c and twins at 13c in job lots here. Poultry—Live chickens quoted from 9c to 11c, and hens from 7c to 8c. Potatoes—Market is steady at 65c to 75c per bushel. Baled Hay—Prices steady at \$14 to \$15, in car lots on track here.

PROVISIONS.

Dried Beans—\$9.25 for lightweights and \$8.75 for heavies. Pork—Short cut, \$22.75 to \$23 for barrels; mess, \$20 to \$21. Lard—Firm; tierces, 12c; tubs, 12½c; rolls, 12½c. Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, 11c to 11½c for tons and cases; hams, medium and light, 15c to 15½c; heavy, 14½c to 15c; backs, 16½c to 17c; shoulders, 10½c to 11c; rolls, 11½c; put of pickle, 1c less than smoked.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Sept. 17.—The local flour market is strong. Choice spring wheat patents, \$5.50; seconds, \$4.90; winter wheat patents, \$4.65 to \$4.75; straight rollers, \$4.25 to \$4.35; do, in bags, \$1.95 to \$2.10; extras, \$1.65 to \$1.75. There is a stronger feeling in the market for oats, and prices further advanced 3½c per bushel. Sales of car lots at 50½c to 51c per bushel, export.

The butter market is firm at the recent advance. There is no improvement in foreign demand, and only jobbing local trade is passing in choice lots. Creamery at 22½c to 23½c. Prints, the local cheese market are firmly maintained at the recent advance. Finest western at 12½c to 13c; townships at 14c to 16c.

Visions—Barrels short cut mess, \$22.50 to \$23.50; half-barrels, \$11.25 to \$11.75; clear fat back, \$23.50 to \$24.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50 to \$21.50; half-barrels do., \$10.75 to \$11.50; dry salt clear bacon, 10c to 11½c; barrels prime beef, \$14 to \$16; half-barrels do., \$15.50 to \$18.25; barrels heavy mess beef, \$10; half-barrels do., \$5.50; compound lard, 10½c to 10¾c; pure, 11½c to 12½c; kettle rendered at 13c to 13½c; hams, 12½c to 15½c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15½c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 15½c; fresh killed about dressed hogs, \$9.25 to \$9.50; alive, \$3.35 to \$6.50.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—Wheat—Spring, No. 1 northern c.l., old, \$1.10½; new, \$1.09½. No. 2 red, 99c. Corn—Firm; No. 2 yellow, 72½c; No. 2 white, 68½c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 54½c; No. 2 mixed, 51c. Barley—Nominal.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, Sept. 17.—Wheat—Spot, market easy; No. 2 red, \$1.01½; No. 2 red, \$1.02½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, \$1.14½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, \$1.02½ f.o.b. afloat.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 17.—Trade was good and prices of cattle were steady at the Western Market to-day.

Buying was about steady in export cattle. Prices were steady at \$4.90 to \$5 for good; \$5 to \$5.25 for choice, and \$4.50 to \$4.90 for medium and light.

Picked butchers' cattle, \$4.50 to \$5.50; fair to good butchers' cattle, \$3.75 to \$4.50; common butchers' cows, \$3 to \$3.50; good cows, \$3.25 to \$3.75 per cwt. Light stockers were dull at \$2.75 to \$3 per cwt. Heavy feeders sold at \$4 to \$4.50 per cwt.

Graded lambs were easier at \$5 to \$5.50; and export ewes sold at \$4 to \$4.40 per cwt.

Hogs were 10 cents lower. Prices were—Selects, \$6.15, and lights and fats, \$5.90 per cwt.

HINDUS NOW EXCITED.

Clamoring for Protection From British Government.

A despatch from London says: Advances from Lucknow state that the incidents at Bellingham and Vancouver have greatly aroused the indignation of the Hindus, who are calling on the British Government to take effective measures to protect their countrymen in the United States and Canada.

Mr. T. A. Snider has been appointed County Treasurer of Haldimand.

LUSITANIA MAKES RECORD

Average Speed Per Hour Still Held by the Kaiser William II.

A despatch from New York says: A new steamship record between a European port and New York was made by the Cunard Line's new giant turbine ship, the Lusitania, which arrived here on Friday. The Lusitania left Queens-town, the nearest trans-Atlantic port to New York, at 12.10 p. m., Sunday and arrived at the Sandy Hook Lightship at 8.05 a.m., Friday, making the time for the trip 5 days and 54 minutes. This is 6 hours and 29 minutes better than the previous Queens-town-New York record of 5 days 7 hours and 23 minutes, held by the Lucania of the same line. While the Lusitania has made a new record for the time a passenger is actually on board ship, she has not beaten the average speed per hour record, both the Kaiser Wilhelm II., which has made 23.58 knots per hour from New York to Plymouth, and the Deutschland, with a record of 23.51 knots per hour to Plymouth, have been better time. The Lusitania's speed per hour on her maiden voyage is estimated at 22.87 knots per hour.

GAILY BEDECKED.

The new ship was decked with flags and bunting when she made her appearance off Sandy Hook on Friday morning, her four big red funnels lending color to the picture which was marred by the prevailing haze.

Her passengers lined the railings and crowded the different decks of the large vessel, waving handkerchiefs and American and British flags. The marine observatory stations on shore dipped their flags in salute, other vessels in the lower bay blew their whistles in greeting and the Lusitania blue ensign was constantly lowered and raised again in acknowledgment of the reception given her. She steamed slowly up

the bay for the new Ambrose Channel, dug especially for vessels of more than 29 feet draught, or more than 600 feet in length, and which she will be the first to use in entering the port of New York.

FROM LAND TO LAND.

The explanation of the apparent conflict in the statement that while the Lusitania has made the speediest passage from land to land, she has not broken the speed record, lies in the fact that she travelled over the shortest course, the distance from Southampton to New York being 2,828 miles, while from New York to Cherbourg, the course travelled by the Deutschland, when she made her fastest run, is 3,034 miles.

In 1903 the Deutschland made the voyage from Cherbourg to New York in five days eleven hours and fifty-four minutes over a course of 3,034 miles at an average speed of 23.15 knots.

PILOTAGE FEES.

There was much speculation yesterday as to whom the honor of piloting the big liner would fall, for there is to be no partially shown, and the men must go out in their turn as the liners come in. The pilotage fees will undoubtedly be the largest ever paid, ranging from \$161, should the liner show a draught of thirty-three feet, to \$167 for a draught of thirty-four feet.

LUSITANIA'S LOG.

The log of the Lusitania gives her time of passage as 5 days and 54 minutes, and her time of arrival off the Sandy Hook Lightship as 8.05. Her average speed was 23.01 knots per hour and the day's runs were 5 miles, 556, 575, 570, 593 and 483 to the lightship, a total distance of 2,782 miles.

KILLED BY LIVE STREET WIRE.

Wife and Children Saw Harvey Hill Meet Death.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, Ont., says: Harvey Hill, foreman of the municipal electric light plant, came to his death on Saturday night in an unaccountable manner and under particularly sad circumstances. He had taken his wife and three children for a drive, and coming to one of the pole boxes on Ferry Street, in the south end of the city, he saw that the light was out. He alighted to adjust it, and as he raised his hand to the pole, his wife and children were startled to see him fall, and, on going to his assistance, they were horror-stricken to find him stone dead. There were no marks of electrical burning on the body, and it is possible that his death was due to heart failure, but the generally accepted supposition is that some high voltage wire had come in contact with the incandescent light wire, giving it a voltage sufficient to cause death. The incandescent circuit carries only 150 volts, which in itself would not cause a fatality.

COLLISION AT CAYUGA.

Wabash Freight Crashes Into Rear of Standing Train.

A despatch from Cayuga says: A west-bound Wabash freight train, running light, smashed into another Wabash train standing near Cayuga station on Friday morning. The latter train was waiting while the engine got water. Engineer Elliott and Fireman McMullen of the light train jumped and received serious but not dangerous injuries. The locomotive was badly crippled. The caboose and two cars of the waiting train were smashed into kindling wood. The advancing train had a clearance order to St. Thomas and is said not to have been flagged. Wrecking gangs from St. Thomas and Niagara had the track clear by noon. The train employees are St. Thomas men.

WHEAT CROP SUFFERS.

Recent Frosts Have Done Much Damage in the West.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The situation in regard to the crop of the Canadian West is critical, and extremely hard to pronounce upon. There have been three heavy frosts during the past week, but these have not been general throughout the entire West. Northern Alberta and Northern Saskatchewan have suffered most severely, owing to the large percentage of extremely heavy crops in these sections. Speaking generally it will be impossible to estimate the damage until the actual thrashing returns are at hand.

In justice to those farmers who still hold a considerable amount of last year's wheat, it should be stated that the last frosts have reduced the prospect for good milling wheat from the crop of 1907 at least thirty-five per cent.

MUCH RAIN IN THE NORTH.

Assertion of Surveyor Working in Northern Ontario.

A despatch from Toronto says: "Rain has been so excessive that everything is full of water to overflowing," writes Thos. Fawcett, of Fort William, to the Survey Department. He has been engaged in surveying blocks 1, 2, 3 and 4 of the territory on the "Soo" branch of the National Transcontinental Railway, which comprises a part of the land grant from Ontario to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Each block of land is 18 miles long by 6 miles wide. The party has been continually wading in water in places that are usually solid ground. Of the character of the land in question, the surveyor says that block No. 1 is rolling and heavily timbered on the last six miles. Block No. 2 is mostly timbered with spruce, tamarack, birch, poplar and pine.

An attorney was charged in a Chicago court the other day with acting for both complainant and defendant in a case which was being tried.

TOTAL CROP OF THE WEST

Estimated at One Hundred and Ninety Million Bushels.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: A total grain crop of 190,000,000 bushels, including wheat 80,000,000 to 85,000,000 bushels; oats, 87,500,000; barley, 18,500,000, and flax, 1,300,000, is the estimate the retiring President of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, W. J. Beltingen, gave for the west at the annual meeting of the exchange on Thursday afternoon; and of its monetary value he said it would probably yield a larger return than any former harvest. John Fleming

is the new President. Mr. Beltingen in his address stated that in 1905 the total area under grain cultivation in western Canada was as close as can be estimated 5,910,000 acres. In 1906 this had grown to the enormous total of 7,830,000 acres, or an increase of about 23 per cent. in a single season. Owing to the backward spring and other natural causes, the increase this season will not be so phenomenal, but viewed in the light of the usual natural conditions prevailing this year they are fully as satisfactory.

MINDEN ECHO

27/2/1907

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Mistress Mary

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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"Don't you ever get discouraged?" he asked. "How does your garden grow?" asked the young man who leaned over the fence.

"Oh, dear," little Miss Mary told him, "look at it."

There had been eight neat little plots laid out in the empty city lot. Miss Mary, the settlement worker from across the way, had brought her little girls over, and they had dug and planted and trained, and yesterday there had been beans climbing sturdily up the poles, and tomatoes already blossoming, and parsley and lettuce ready for salad, and radishes.

"And now look at it," said Miss Mary again.

It was trampled and torn and the little plants lay in the dust.

"The neighbors' boys did it," Miss Mary said, "your boys."

"Are you sure?" asked the young man.

"Yes," Miss Mary said; "one of my little girls saw them."

"They are a bad lot," said the young man, with a stern setting of his lips.



"DON'T YOU EVER GET DISCOURAGED?"

HE ASKED.

"I am afraid I shall have to give them up."

"Oh, don't," said little Miss Mary; "they need you all the more because they are bad. Don't give them up."

He smiled at her. "Don't you ever get discouraged?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she admitted, "when things like this happen," and her hand swept out toward the ruined garden. "We had planned to pick the lettuce this morning, and we were going to have it for lunch with our bread and butter."

"I tell you," said the young man, whose name was Oswald Gunning, "I'll make the boys give the little girls a treat. It's better than punishing them, and, what's more, I'll make them come over with it."

"Do you think they'll do it?" asked Miss Mary, interested.

"Yes, I'll tell them how disappointed you are in them. They won't care what the little girls think, but they are awfully fond of you, Miss Mary."

"Oh," said little Miss Mary, with a blush.

"They show their good taste," said the young man earnestly. "I am awfully fond of you myself."

"You mustn't talk such things to me," said little Miss Mary, but her eyes sparkled.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?"

he sang under his breath, and then he said:

"I shall say it whenever I like, for it's true. I am very fond of you—very, very fond."

"The little girls are coming," said Miss Mary severely, "and you'd better go."

So, still singing under his breath, he went to the public playgrounds to meet his class in physical training.

"I am ashamed of you," he told them a little later as they sat before him sheepishly. "Here I have spent my time upon you, and all I seem to have taught you is how to make a lot of little girls unhappy."

"Aw, gwan," protested Jim Dovesky from the front row.

"And you have made Miss Mary unhappy," said the teacher, with increasing earnestness, "and she was crying when I got there this morning—crying over that poor little garden."

"Aw, gwan," murmured Jim again, and there were other apologetic murmurings from the background.

"It seems to me," Gunning told them, "that we ought to make it up to them somehow."

He had the boys there. They had expected punishment, and now he proposed restitution. It took their fancy at once.

"Sure," came the hearty chorus. "We can't make the little garden grow," said their teacher, "we can't bring life to the little dead plants, and that's a pity, too, but we can let the little girls know that we are sorry. They were going to pick the lettuce today and have it with their bread and butter for lunch, and you know there isn't anything nicer than vegetables from your own garden."

There were various proposals, but Jim Dovesky's was the most popular.

"Let's buy thirty little pies, and each girl will have one for her lunch."

With visions of indigestion, Gunning protested, but the idea took like wild-fire.

There was a hasty pooling of finances, and a delegation of boys started to the nearest bakery.

"I tried to switch them off to berries of ice cream," Gunning explained later to Miss Mary, "but I couldn't. And it's the idea, not the article."

"Yes," Miss Mary agreed. She was standing in the middle of the ruined garden, with the little girls digging in the eight little beds. "It's nice of them, and I only hope the little girls won't be ill."

Her voice was tired, and she looked warm and weary.

"Poor little Mistress Mary," said Gunning, looking down at her. "Has it been a hard morning?"

"The girls nearly cried their eyes out," she said. "They wopt on my shoulder in bunches, and it was wearing."

"I wish you would weep on my shoulder," said the impertinent young man. "It would help you a lot and I should like it immensely," and when she reproved him he went away singing:

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?"

which of late had become a most popular song with him.

At noon the boys marched into the settlement house with the pies, and Jim Dovesky made the speech of presentation.

"It's a peace offering," he said with a flourish; "git on to it."

And the little girls, round-eyed and forgiving, divided their bread and butter and divided the little pies and made the boys stay to lunch.

"Which spoils the lesson, but settles things up nicely," said Gunning. "According to all laws the boys should have suffered. As it is, I am the only one who suffers."

Miss Mary stared at him. "You?" was her startled question.

"What do I get out of it?" he demanded.

"What do you want?" she asked, innocently enough, but her swift blush betrayed her.

"I want—you," was his bold statement.

She shook her head, but before she could open her lips he begged, "Don't be contrary, Mary."

And she laughed at that, tremulously, and after a little she said, "I won't."

Letter Writing Made Easy.

"The picture postal card is not the only factor that is reducing letter writing to a lost art," said the woman who has many correspondents. "The newspaper clipping is also a serious foe to the well written letter. Almost every day I get a heavy mail, and frequently half the communications are made up largely of clippings from the daily press. Persons who, if obliged to do their own writing, would express some opinion on books, plays, clothes, vacations, clubs and current events can find something on those very subjects in the daily paper. So, instead of writing, they simply cut out the article that meets their needs, paste it on to a sheet of paper, say 'These are my sentiments, too,' and thus expeditiously conduct their correspondence."

"I must confess I am falling into the same pernicious habit. Yesterday I wanted to jolly a friend who has a strong predilection for ghostly literature. I read a paragraph in a paper that exactly expressed my meaning, so instead of digging into my own thoughts I sent the clipping. To another friend whom I wished to interest in a book I sent another printed article that admirably answered the purpose. Since every subject can be found adequately treated in the newspaper and on post cards it is no wonder that an accomplished letter writer is now a curiosity."—New York Press.

Prophecy Came True.

When Lord Rosebery, who was 60 the other day, was just able to toddle, he was driven by his parents to a moorland farm on the Midlothian Rosebery property. The child was left in charge of the farmer's spouse. The gude-wife had the palm of Maister Archie—as he was then called—examined by a gypsy spouse, or fortune teller, who happened to be at the farm.

Promptly the woman, without being informed who he was, said that one day the little fellow would hold the highest position in the land. The farmer's wife said nothing about this to Lord and Lady Dalmeny, but she told all her neighbors. Memories of what the spousewife had said were green in the neighborhood when Lord Rosebery became premier, and it was held that the prediction had been fulfilled to the letter.

SOLDIERS' UNIFORMS.

New System by Which They Will Purchase Their Own.

A new system under which soldiers will purchase their own clothing in return for a special clothing allowance has been devised by the Army Council, and circulated in the form of a memorandum among general officers commanding-in-chief. It is modeled in the methods in force in the United States army, and is declared to be much simpler in working and equally as liberal to the soldier as the existing system in the British army.

At present the system in the British army is as follows:

A complete outfit is given on enlistment.

Annual issues of fresh clothing are made on the anniversary of the soldier's enlistment day.

Compensation is credited to soldiers for any garments not drawn in consequence of their already possessing such garments in a fit condition to last three months more.

Allowance of twopence per day for up-keep of kit and other small expenses.

Proposed Changes.

The proposed changes may be seen at a glance from the following summary of the Army Council's scheme.

Complete outfit to be given on enlistment.

Quarterly clothing allowances from the beginning of the recruit's second year of service, from which time all clothing transactions between him and the state will be on a cash basis.

Allowance to be fixed for each rank and arm of the service, and based on the present price list value of articles.

Existing allowance of 2d. a day for up-keep to be added to the allowance, and paid quarterly in advance.

Instead of receiving 2d. a day for allowance daily—six months after enlistment, 30s. 4d. will be added to the first quarterly clothing allowance.

There will be four clothing days from the beginning of the second year of service, Jan. 1, April 1, July 1 and Oct. 1.

On promotion a man will receive the higher rate of allowance on the first quarter day succeeding promotion. To meet additional expenditure caused by promotion, a commanding officer will have power to advance the man cash to the amount of his next quarterly allowance, or, should the promotion be foreseen, to hold up the preceding quarter's allowance.

The company commander to be responsible to the commanding officer that his men provide themselves with any necessary clothing out of the allowance.

Benefit to the Soldier.

The Army Council lay special stress upon the fact that the new system has been proposed "not with any intention to effect a saving to the state at the expense of the soldier, but to substitute a simple and easily comprehensible method of dealing with the clothing of the army for the present complicated and difficult system."

Benefit to the soldier, the memorandum states, to the soldier, the company commander, the accountant. "The soldier will know the precise amount of money to which he will be entitled for the up-keep of his clothing and necessities, and the incentive to care will be accentuated by the fact that the unexpended balance of his quarterly allowance will be credited forthwith to his pay account instead of being held over to his next enlistment anniversary, as is now the case with compensation."

The company commander will be spared the numerous queries on his accounts which now arise, and the proposed new system will greatly simplify the work of the accounting and auditing staff.

PRINCE OF WALES AT HIS CLUB.

Enjoying Ale and Crackers and Cheese and a Pipe at the Savage.

A New York actor who played in London this spring belonged to the Lambs' Club. He was therefore admitted to the privileges of the Savage.

While sitting with an English colleague in the club, which is notoriously unpretentious in the matter of decoration and facilities, he asked if the Prince of Wales interested himself in the theatre as his father did during the years that he held the title.

"Yes," answered the English actor, "he is a member of this club."

To appreciate the impression that this made on the American it is necessary to understand something about the extreme simplicity of the club-rooms. New Yorkers who go over to London and have the privileges of the Savage enjoy it all very much, but they are never able to understand how such meagre comfort may still be tolerated by men of the class that belong to the Savage.

"Does he ever come here?" asked the American.

"Every other night almost," was the answer. Then the Englishman looked about the room. "There he is now," he continued. "He is sitting over there in the corner with the dark blue suit on."

Then the American recognized the Prince of Wales, who was seated at a table with a glass of ale and some crackers and cheese before him, smoking a pipe and talking to two friends.

The Sycamore Tree.

The sycamore has been called the Egyptian fig tree. The date of its being planted in England is not known, but it was very early. Mary, queen of Scots, brought over from France a young sycamore, which she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this have sprung all the beautiful groves of sycamores now to be seen in Scotland.

CUNNING OF THE COYOTE.

His Patience and Some of His Other Peculiar Traits.

This is the coyote, Co-yo-tay, with all the syllables, to the Mexican who named him; "Kiote" merely to the American wanderer who has come and gone so often that he at last regards himself a resident stockman and farmer.

It is this little beast's triangular visage, his sharp nose fitted for the easy investigation of other people's affairs, his oblique green eyes with their equit of cowardice and perpetual hunger, says The Outing Magazine, that should have a place in the adornment of esentecheons. It is notorious that the vicissitudes of his belly never bring to him the fate upon whose verge he always lives and that nothing but strychnine, and not always that, will bring an end to his forlorn career.

As his gray back moves slowly along above the reeds and coarse grass and he turns his head to look at you, he knows at once whether or not you have with you a gun and you cannot know how he knows. Once satisfied that you are unarmed, he will remain near in spite of any vocal remonstrances, and by-and-by may proceed to interview you in a way that for unobtrusiveness might be taken as a model of the art.

Lie down on the thick brown carpet of the wilderness and be still for 20 minutes, and watching him from the corner of your eye, you will see that he has been joined by others of his brethren hitherto unseen. He seems to be curious to know, first, if you are dead, and, second, if by any chance—and he lives upon chances—there is anything else in your neighborhood that he might find eatable.

If you pass on with indifference, which is the usual way, he will sit himself down upon his tail on the nearest knoll and lol his red tongue and leer at you as one with whom he is half inclined to claim acquaintance. He looks and acts then so much like a grey dog that one is inclined to whistle to him. Make any hostile demonstration and he will move a little further and sit down again.

If by any means you manage to offend him deeply at this juncture the chances are that he and his comrades may retire still further and then bark ceaselessly until they have hooted you out of the neighborhood. That night he and some of his companions may come and steal the straps from your saddle, the meat from the frying pan—and politely clean the pan—and even the boots from beside your lowly bed.

GRAPES ARE PLENTIFUL.

Prospects In Niagara Fruit Belt Are Very Good.

Nothing so far has been published about the grape crop in the Niagara fruit belt, and it will be interesting to learn that the prospects for grapes this year were never better. A grape-grower said recently that this has been an exceptionally favorable spring for grapes, and the vines are looking exceptionally well now. "I may say that the grape industry is in much better shape around here now than it was two or three years ago. Then it was beginning to look a very serious matter for the grapes by reason of the fungus diseases which threatened their destruction. Efficient spraying has, similarly to the case of the peach trees, saved the grape vines of the fruit belt, and now the only thing we have to fear is the weather. The grape rot is largely due to the weather, it coming from too much dampness."

Accordingly the Niagara district will send out its usual four or five thousand tons of grapes this year, as in former years.

Speaking of the manner in which the Niagara fruit-growers are opening out trade in the Canadian west, a prominent grower remarked to your correspondent that last year 35 carloads of fruit were shipped to the west from here, whereas the previous year there were only seven cars sent out. Practically every kind of fruit was sent.

Ormolu.

Ormolu was originally a powder of fine brass with which the surfaces of objects were covered. It contained equal parts of copper and zinc.

Death Touched Debtors.

Of course the man didn't look like that way, but his bereavement was really a source of financial gain. He was a son who died, a boy of thirteen. He was killed in a street accident. The fatality touched the public heart strangely. He had been a popular boy, and his death aroused the sympathy of the neighbors for blocks around. The father was a small tradesman, who went on the principle that all mankind was honest. He trusted right and left. He had become creditor to two-thirds of the people in the neighborhood. Many of those debtors were sharkers who, either because of financial disability or naturally dishonest propensities, probably had no intention of ever paying up, but with the news of the lad's death all experienced a change of heart. When the shop reopened after the funeral, the dazed proprietor entertained a stream of callers.

"I am so sorry," they said, one and all. Then they added, half sheepishly, "I owe you so and so," and plunked down the money.

In some cases the shopkeeper got money that had been due more than a year, and he piled up dollars in cash that, only for the sympathy called forth by his bereavement, would have been a dead loss.—New York Press.

Highest Average of Life. Statistics show that the highest average of life is found among agricultural workers.

Free Lances.

After the crusades a great many knights and their esquires found themselves out of employment. Wandering from state to state, selling their services to any lord who was willing to pay them their price, they were given the very appropriate name of "free lances"—men who were at liberty to fight for any one who wanted them.

Lake Islands.

Lake Huron contains 3,000 islands. Loch Erne, in Ireland, has 365. The Lake of the Thousand Isles is only an expansion of the St. Lawrence river and has 1,700.

Air Cleaned Paintings.

In some of the European art galleries the dust is removed from the paintings and statuary by means of an air pump, a jet of air being thrown with great force against the article which needs dusting.

Origin of Fire.

So far as actual knowledge goes we find that the possession of fire and the art of making it by one method or another have belonged to the vast majority of mankind as far back as we can trace. A fireless race has never been found. The original method of making fire was undoubtedly by the simple friction of two pieces of wood rubbed together. With his "stick and groove" the present day Tahitian can produce fire in a few seconds.

Cromwell's Eyes.

In one of Carlyle's private letters sold in London he says: "Oliver Cromwell had no squint, stare or deficiency of any kind in the eyes of him. One eye, probably the left, but I am not sure, was considered bigger than the other."

The Yeomen.

The first permanent military force in England was the king's guard of yeomen, established in 1480.

Whistling Cure For Stammering.

A most effective cure for stammering is the method adopted by the British army council, a half hour's whistling practice daily, regularly, with the cheeks inflated only. Numbers of soldiers have been cured by this method.

Preserving Terraces.

If there are terraces where heavy rains cause the sods to slip off, a good and permanent remedy is to set common barberry bushes rather closely on the terrace. The roots will bind the terrace and keep it safe from sliding. The lawn will be beautiful in Saskatchewan around with the shrubs. everely, owing to the heavy rain.

Brushing a Hat.

A hat should always be brushed in the direction opposite to the hands of a clock. Otherwise the pile of the felt is taken out and the hat given a cheap, poor appearance.

Brooms.

A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping, as the weight aids in the process. In buying a broom, test it by pressing the edge against the floor. If the straws bristle out and bend, the broom is a poor one, for they should remain in a firm, solid mass.

Peruvian Silver Mines.

The old Caylloma silver mines in Peru are situated higher than any other in the world, being between 14,000 and 17,000 feet. It is believed that they were first worked by the Incas.

Channel Islands Dialect.

The old Norman dialect, or a corruption of it, is still spoken in the Channel Islands.

Washing Decanters.

After washing decanters turn them upside down and allow water from the inside to run out. In about five minutes' time they will be beautifully dry inside, and if the outside is carefully wiped and rubbed they will sparkle beautifully.

The Japanese Bath.

The Japanese bath is always heated to 110 degrees.

Norway's Wooden Churches.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

Frank Newspapers.

One of the most remarkable frank newspapers ever printed was the Luminara, published at Madrid. It was printed with ink containing phosphorus, so that the paper could be read in the dark. Another curiosity was called the Regal, printed with nonpoisonous ink on thin sheets of dough, which could be eaten, thus furnishing nourishment for body as well as mind. Lo Dian Hsu promised those who subscribed for forty years a pension and free burial.

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Not Guilty ;

Or, A Great Mistake.

CHAPTER III.

The girl's eyes followed Gordon's horror-stricken glance with a terrible calmness.

"He is quite dead," she said. "You can see for yourself, if you wish. He was stabbed to the heart and died instantly. There is the knife. I drew it out because . . . because I thought there might be hope . . . HOPE! Ah, heaven! hope!"

Gordon hardly heard this last exclamation. He had hastily flung himself down by the body, and was feeling the cold bosom of the form at his feet, but even while he did so, he knew there was no chance. He had seen too many dead not to recognize death in that stern rigidity. Quickly convinced, he yet gave a moment to an examination of the dead man's appearance. "Young, handsome, sensual, rich: stabbed to the heart from the front: one blow, but it was a fearful one." That was his conclusion.

"He died at once, you say?" he asked, half turning to the girl, who stood watching him, motionless.

"At once," she said. "He just fell down as he is now. He never moved afterwards."

"Who did it?" said Gordon. "Why did you let him escape? Where is he?" The girl looked at him for a moment with the calmness of an unutterable despair in her lovely eyes. "I did it!" she said at last.

Gordon started to his feet and faced her.

"Good God! you did it! You!"

"Yes. I!" and then, without a sign, he strength seemed to give way, and she slipped unconscious to the ground.

George darted to her assistance, but he was too late to save her; and placing her head so that it was lower than the rest of her body, he stood helplessly watching her.

Then, pulling himself together, he made a movement to the door, to call for help; but he stopped half way. He knew that help would mean discovery of the crime, the crowd, the police, the girl's instant arrest—and yet she had sat there so calmly beside her victim. . . . Why had she sat there? Why not fled?

Gordon dropped on his knees beside the beautiful, helpless figure, and looked long and intently at the pale face and half-closed violet eyes.

"She did not do it! She couldn't have done it!" he said at last. "Not that she is too beautiful: I am not such a fool as that, though, by jove! she is lovely—but I feel she didn't. And yet she says she did."

He bent to look at her hands. Those delicate white fingers, those slim firm wrists, might have hidden in them the strength to have struck that fearful blow, but they told no tale; they made no confession.

"She is coming round," he thought. "Perhaps it would be better for her if she never recovered—better if she died there where she lies. It would be so if I thought she had done that infernal deed; for with all her beauty and helplessness, it wouldn't be a moment before I called for the police! But I don't think so. Why don't I?" he asked himself, gazing round the room, and back again at the prostrate girl, who was commencing to move restlessly. "What he does have I noticed which makes me so sure?"

Gordon had relied so often on an instinct which had never failed him, and had been so accustomed to inquire—if he did inquire—into the motives which had impelled him, only after escaping from a predicament, that he often found himself entirely unable to explain from what source those motives had come. In this case he would have been puzzled to say exactly why his belief in this mysterious girl's innocence was so assured; yet he felt that given time to collect his impressions, he could put his finger on the facts to account for it.

The girl's eyes, which had opened wide by now, passing his carelessly, had lighted on the body of the dead man, and with a cry she rose to her feet, "Claude! Claude!" she cried piteously, and with a spring she put half a length of the room between herself and Gordon.

"What do you want? Why do you look at me like that and say nothing!" she cried, wildly. "Ah, I am not strong enough to stand this! Why don't you arrest me! Why don't you call for help and take me away!"

"You fainted. It is all right. You are better now," said Gordon soothingly. "But arrest you? You will excuse me for reminding you that I am not a policeman or even a detective. And, by the way, that reminds me. I came here quite by accident. You dropped—I suppose that it was you—this pin from the window just now. I presume it fell from your hair, I guessed where it came from. The doors were open and I came in. . . ."

"Yes, I was looking out of the window," she said wearily. "I meant to call the police, but I was not brave enough. But . . . then you know nothing of this? You are not . . . it was an accident that you came?" she murmured, taking the pin which George held out to her, and fixing her dark eyes on his.

"Accident entirely," said Gordon,

meeting her look with his keen glance. Then, hesitating for a moment—

"Tell me that you did not do that," he said at last.

His tone and manner, his strong frank gaze, his air of power seemed to affect the girl: for a moment a piteous look trembled in her lovely eyes, and then she recovered herself with a sudden effort.

"I did it," she said. "I must suffer for it—I must suffer for it—I must suffer for it! Oh, quick, quick for God's sake call for them, and have me taken away!"

Gordon shook his head.

"Perhaps I ought to," he said, "but I'm not going to. There is some mystery here. I can't think you killed that poor wretch there, and sat so calmly watching his body; and if you did, God help you, perhaps you had cause to. . . but that's absurd! You did not do it. What are we to do?"

Her eyes had the hunted look of the stag pressed by hounds, and her lip trembled; it was evident that only by the greatest effort she had kept herself upright, but her determination, so apparent in every line of her rigid figure never wavered.

"Since you came here by accident," she said. "Since you were not brought here by this . . . this crime, you must go."

"And you," asked Gordon. "What of you?"

"Don't think of me! Go, yourself, quickly. After all, there is perhaps danger here for you, too. You would have to explain, and they might not . . . but ah, I cannot talk any more! Why trouble about me, sir? Leave me, I beg you. Ah, leave me, leave me! Go!"

Her voice told Gordon that she was on the verge of breaking down; and he stood irresolutely, biting his moustache, and hunting vainly for inspiration.

"I don't believe she killed that man," he said to himself, "but she swears she did. Either I am mad, or she is. If I leave her here someone will find her; if not before morning, at all events, then; and she'll stick to her story. Then Lord knows what will happen! If only I could get her away—give her time to think over it all in cold blood. If she really did it there's plenty of time to say so afterwards. But it's absurd! Look at her! She did not do it. All the same, if she sticks to her tale, who's to say she did not? Give me time and I think I'd prove it, but how to get time when she herself refuses to help me."

Gordon was still vainly racking his brains when a shriek from the girl, and the direction of her gaze, made him turn quickly to the body on the floor. A strange incident had come to his assistance. One of the arms of the corpse which had lain across its breast straightened itself suddenly and fell with a thud to its side.

Possibly Gordon in his examination had placed it in a position opposed to the approaching rigor mortis, possibly there may have been some other cause which only a doctor could explain: the shock at least of the strange phenomenon had an immediate effect. Repeating her first cry of surprise and fright, the girl flew across the room and sank on her knees beside the murdered man. "Ah, he's not dead after all! Ah, Claude, dear, dear Claude! Thank God he's not dead! Ah, sir, come come quick! he's not dead! he moved! he moved!"

Gordon shook his head sadly, though at her wild cries he approached.

At his gesture she shrieked again, "Not not not say it," she cried. "He moved! But no—ah! no! It is useless! You are right—he is dead—dead—ah, ah!"

She was off into a fit of hysterics—wild laughter and wilder weeping—but Gordon seized her by the wrists and drew her from the body. "This must stop," he said, "or she will go mad."

"Come!" he said firmly, "this must cease. You are overstrained—you don't know what you are doing or saying. You force me to think for you, and I will do so. Come now, you must obey me. I am used to being obeyed, and I will be so now. To stay here all night means death or madness for you; you shall say that in the morning. At present you will come with me."

The girl made a wild struggle to free her wrists, but Gordon's hands were steel.

"Don't struggle," he said. "It is useless. You heard what I said. Where is your hat? Your coat?"

For a moment there was a struggle still—for a moment, shaken with hysteria, the girl fought on; but Gordon held her powerless; his voice, which his men had often trembled to hear raised, even while they loved it, frightened and subdued her. Her eyes turned almost unconsciously towards a chair in the corner of the room where Gordon saw was lying a sabre coat.

Drawing her towards the corner he seized the coat with one hand and flung it over her, holding her with the other. A hat was lying where it had fallen from the chair to the floor and picking it up, he placed it on her head. "It is dark and foggy and long past midnight," he said, "and no one will see us. Now, come on."

Still leading the now terrified and

half unconscious girl, he made his way from the room and out into the passage. At the entrance he paused and gave a rapid glance at the room.

"I'm in for it now, right or wrong," he said, "and the more time I have the better. Someone might notice that light." And groping round for the electric light button he turned one that came to his hand. Fortunately it was the right one, and, through the panels, he saw the light go out, and made his way down the stairs into the street, half leading, half carrying the girl whose sobs had entirely ceased by now.

On reaching the street it was evident that the fog had disappeared, at all events for the moment, and the wide thoroughfare was as so deserted as Gordon had expected. He was standing anxiously watching his companion and casting occasional doubtful glances round him, when the rattle of a cab sounded in the distance, and as it drew nearer, to his relief he saw the man hold up his whip and drive quickly towards him at his affirmative gesture.

He turned to the girl, pressing his fingers into her wrists, and with his face stern and fierce. "Not a word or a sound now," he said harshly. "I am going to take you somewhere where you will be safe for to-night. What you like in the morning—at present, you must obey me."

It hurt him to see her face, pale, terrified, dazed, to feel her white wrists shrink as he crushed them, to see her reel and recover with an effort under his stern gaze, but he had no mercy.

"Get in," he said, as he opened the door of the cab, and half lifted her inside, watching from the corner of his eye the cabman's blanched stare of amazement at this beautiful girl, whose costly fur coat was hanging to one shoulder and whose plumed hat the wrong side before, trembled over her eyes.

"No. 12, Park Corner," he said firmly. "All right, cabby, only a supper party—rather late, you know. Our other cab broke down and left us."

"And may you never know, my beauty, that I once insinuated that you drank too much," he muttered to himself, as he entered the cab and sealed himself by its occupant.

She had sunk back in the furthest corner, whether frightened still, or unconscious, Gordon did not know; and he did not attempt to speak to her. His mind was running over the events of the evening and their various consequences, seen and unseen.

"To-night's pretty clear sailing, at least," he thought. "Old Mother Crump's all right. Living with us all our lives, and knowing me from a baby, she's got a pretty good idea of my character: and with her motherly ways and a little more unpleasantness—my part—brutality you might say—I think my lovely friend will see the reasonableness of taking things as they come—till morning. But then?—morrow? What in heaven's name will happen, to-morrow? Suppose I'm still here? Suppose she really did kill that man. Or even if she did not, suppose she still insists on giving herself up? Or suppose she does not do that; suppose she persuades her, but the police discover her at body and get on the track? What then? By jove, I shall be in a pretty awkward position—And she? Good Lord! She—But, thank goodness, I'm not easily frightened. Hello, here we are!"

The cab drew up with a rattle and clatter before a gate in a wall above which could be seen trees, and beyond them again a distant house. Gordon sprang to the ground, and turned to the cabman. "I don't mind giving you a good tip, cabby," he said, taking out half a sovereign. "For you got us home all right! The other fellow took us from— from the corner of Rupert Street and then broke down. Here you are. Don't bother to get down." And he turned back to the cab.

There was not a sound from the occupant, and when Gordon touched her hand it was icy cold. "Thank goodness, she has fainted," he said to himself. "So far so good."

It was not an easy task to raise the senseless form and lift it from the vehicle, and Gordon thanked providence that his muscles were of steel, as he bore his burden across the footpath and opened the gate with difficulty, the cabman's parting chuckle greeting his ears meanwhile.

"The worst part's over now," he muttered, as the wheels sounded farther and farther away. "I hope I look that cabby in my yam. It was the best thing I could think of. Confounded the fellow for laughing! Drunk, the brute!"

The fog had disappeared, and the moon had risen. Coming out behind the trees, it shone for a moment on the white face of the senseless girl, as Gordon stood holding her in his arms. He looked down at the lovely eyes, closed now, and covered by their long dark lashes, at the rich waves of her hair, and her pure curved lips.

"Thank God I did it," he said involuntarily. "Thank God—I saved her!" (To be continued.)

They were discussing the factors which make for success in the world, when the knowing young man said,—"There's nothing like force of character, old man. Now, here's Jones! Suro to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know." "But Brown has something better in his favor." "What's that?" "A will of his uncle's." "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, as he concluded his charge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia, even indirectly, was the cause of the man's death, the prisoner cannot be convicted." An hour later a messenger came from the jury room. "The gentlemen of the jury, your honor," he said, "desire information." "On what point of evidence?" "None, your honor; they want to know how to spell pneumonia!"

About the Farm

THE COLONY SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING.

Poultry-keeping is usually regarded as one of the easiest departments of farm work, and yet there are many problems connected with it; so many, in fact, that, for want of mastering them, the great majority of poultry-keepers who go into the business—at least, to any considerable extent—fail, says John H. Robinson, in a paper read before the National Poultry Conference, recently held in England. And this, perhaps, is not wonderful, considering that its complexities invariably increase with the number of the flock. Poultry-keeping, in fact, is a business which must be learned, as any other business must be learned; hence, the only safe way is to begin on a small scale, learn by experience, and make extensions only when the footing is known to be sure.

So far but three systems have been adopted by poultry-keepers in this country. (1) The farm method, (2) the intensive method, and (3) the colony method.

By the first of these—a very desultory method—all the fowl, chickens and old ones, are usually kept in one flock, and given, practically, the run of the farm. In summer, but little feed is given them, and too often but very little drink. In winter the whole flock is huddled in some small annex of the farm buildings, and occasionally are permitted to run at large through the stables and barns. This method, as may be judged, is not conducive to training or forcing of the fowls to lay when required. They are almost sure to be summer layers, quite unproductive in winter, when the price of eggs is highest. Nevertheless, the hardihood of fowl thus neglected, as it were, is often remarkable. The method has, at least, some elements of the natural about it. Being thrown so much on their own resources, the fowl are obliged to

TAKE NECESSARY EXERCISE,

and during summer they usually manage to look out pretty well for themselves, although, it must be granted, at some expense to growing grain and gardens.

The second method—the intensive—is highly artificial, and is not, as a rule, to be recommended. Its aim is to keep a large flock in limited space, and it necessarily calls for expensive buildings, closed-in yards, and the constant care of an expert poultry-keeper. Even with the latter success is not assured, for where large flocks are huddled together insect pests make more speedy headway, disease is more likely to run free, the ground of the yards becomes poisoned with toxic substances and endless complications ensue.

By the colony system, which is fast gaining popularity in the United States, especially in Rhode Island, most of the objectionable features in the two above methods have been eliminated. Instead of having one large poultry house, and compelling all the fowl to herd together, two or more, according to the number of hens, are used, and are placed far enough apart to keep conditions favorable to the health of inmates. These houses, which are from 8 or 9 feet wide to 12 or 14 feet long, are usually set in a pasture field, over which the fowl may roam at will in search of animal and insect food. The doors may be closed to keep cattle out, and such food and drink as are necessary placed on the floor, the poultry gaining access through a small hole; or a small enclosure may be fenced in before each building. Especial care is paid to ventilation, and during warm weather the houses are raised from below to give free circulation beneath. Each house accommodates from 30 to 35 hens. As a rule, plenty of food is supplied. There are all kinds of systems of feeding. Some use the hopper system, while many other adhere to the old plan of giving a cooked mash. Where soft food is given, it is usually fed in the morning. Care is taken that a supply of

CLEAN, COOL WATER

is always before the fowl. Hens are used almost altogether for hatching, and, until grown, the chickens are kept in small, separate coops, which are moved from time to time; that they may be always on clean ground; after hatching, they are usually placed in the hay fields.

The colony-house plan is a very natural one, and much safer as regards disease than the close-quartering and intensive-housing system.

There are two things which prevent a more general adoption of the colony method among farmers in this country. The colony plan is not adapted to winter use in sections where the snowfall is heavy, and where vermin abound, as their depredations would make it impossible to maintain colonies of fowls on fields and pasture remote from farm buildings. To meet the first objection, some poultry farmers are combining intensive methods for winter with the colony plan for summer. The first cost of such a plant is considerable, but the labor-saving may warrant it. That remains to be seen. The second objection is in many places a serious one. It takes time and persistent concerted effort to rid a district of the pests that prey on poultry. Many who prefer the colony plan would like to install a plant of that type complete, but cannot do so because of certain losses from wild animals. It seems appropriate to remind such that, in the natural development of the colony plan

nothing is done wholesale. Each addition to the equipment meant only a little extension of the area to be protected, but with every farmhouse the centre of a constantly-extending circle of territory in which fowls were safe from natural enemies, the district soon became untenable for those pests. And to my mind, it is well that the adoption of the colony system compels observance of the rule of slow growth in poultry-keeping, for my observation has been that rapid growth in the beginning is rarely associated with a successful enterprise.

THIS FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN.

Now That Vacation Is Over Renew Your Resolutions.

The following from the pen of "The Man in the Overalls," a writer on the staff of The Hamilton Times, may be perused with profit by all young men:

"Now, my young chap, don't throw down the paper, for I have a word or two for you which I think you should know, and I haven't bothered you for some time. Certainly, I'm an old crank and several other things, but it won't do you any harm to read the rubbish anyway, and it won't take more than a minute. How are you making out? Last year about this time, when I spoke to you, you were going to pitch right in and make a success of yourself. You were going to read up everything you could get your hands on relating to your business, and then make yourself indispensable to the boss. Have you done it? You haven't! What was the trouble? You got tired? You did not have perseverance enough to keep it up? You couldn't do it and enjoy yourself as you wanted to do at the same time? Too many things going on—too many attractions. Besides, what was the use of your killing yourself? You only go through this world once, and you guess you will be able to make a fairly good living some way or other.

Now, my boy, why not be honest about it, and confess right out that you are beaten, that you have given up the fight to be somebody—that you are content to drift with the crowd? You didn't look at it in that way? Well, perhaps not. But that doesn't alter the fact. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work sends Jack to the poorhouse. The billiard table, theatre and homes of mirth may be all right in a way, but they should never be allowed to interfere with a fellow's life purpose. I think I told you once before that what you will be twenty years from now—if you live—will largely depend on what you do now—on how you spend your time at present. Going on as you are doing now will just be one of the romps—a nobody. How do you like the prospect? Haven't you pluck and determination enough to pull yourself together and be a man?"

CONCRETE POLES

Show Greater Endurance for Electric Lines than Wooden Poles.

An Indiana company has been organized for the manufacture of concrete poles for line work. A series of continuous rods of twisted carbon steel especially prepared for the purpose are held in position and bound together by a spiral steel wire from the apex to the base of the pole, and the poles are moulded into adjustable forms.

All large poles or poles over thirty-five feet will be constructed in the holes by upright forms, says the Electrical World. Gains for cross-arms, holes for bolts and steps are easily provided for while the concrete is plastic.

A thirty foot pole of octagonal section constructed a year ago in a horizontal position, hauled nine squares and set up, with cross arms, subjected to two summers and a winter with wires attached, is slated to show no perceptible wear or injury from use or the elements.

Some severe tests made with poles constructed in this manner, show that though very hard and durable and apparently rigid a surprising elasticity is displayed. For instance, a pole thirty feet in length when subjected to a strain of 3,100 pounds at the top deflected from a straight line thirty inches before cracking the cement. A cedar pole of like dimensions broke at 2,200 pounds, thus showing in the concrete pole a 50 per cent. greater power of resistance.

Even the cracking of the cement did not apparently weaken the strength of the concrete pole, since the re-enforcement then becomes active and takes the entire strain. In addition to the great strength imparted to the cement shaft by the carbon steel twisted rods, that spiral coil binds the body of the concrete and at the same time imparts additional strength both horizontally and longitudinally.

Accurate accounts of all expenditures for labor and material in the construction of these poles are slated to show that under average conditions the first cost of these re-enforced concrete poles is about equal to, or slightly in excess of the cost of cedar poles set in the ground. With re-enforced concrete poles the renewal cost incident to the use of wooden poles is entirely removed, as the former are absolutely indestructible.

Pat (to English traveler)—"And have you heard the latest?" E. T.—"No; What is it?" Pat—"Shure, in Ireland they can't hang a man with a wooden leg." E. T.—"Never! What do they do then?" Pat—"Ach, shure, they just hang him with a rope."

"Whew! What, Louie Brown en, gaged? That proves what I've always said—that, no matter how plain and end-tempered a girl may be, there's always a fool ready to marry her. Who's the poor man?" "I am!"

THE EVERYDAY HEAVEN

He Is Truly Godly Who Sees God In All Things of Life.

"The earth is full of the loving kindness of the Lord."—Ps. xxxiii, 5.

Life's poverty is due, not to what we have had and lost, not to what has been withheld or taken from us, but to the good which we might have had which we carelessly have passed by. No others despoil us as we despoil ourselves by our blindness and indifference to the wealth of our own lives and the beauty ever close at hand.

Who who scurry over land and sea, who dig, and toil, and fret to find happiness, come back at last to learn that the sweet faced guest has been waiting close by our door all the time.

He perishes in the pitiless snows who, blind to the good and the glory in every valley and hillside, needs only the impulse to climb and find the good in some remote height. Ambition and pride lift ever new peaks ahead only to mock him when at last, worn, spent and empty in heart, he falls by the way.

The old theology talked much of a heaven far away, to be attained in the remote future; the new theology often seems inclined to ignore any heaven, but what the hearts of men need is the sense of the heaven that is all about them, the God who ever is near, and the blessedness even now attainable.

SOME LIVE IN THE PAST,

complacently contemplating the glories that once were theirs or their ancestors; some live in the future, dreaming of felicities yet to be; but they are wise only who live to the full in the present, who catch the richness and beauty, all the wealth that the passing hour or the present opportunity may have.

He is truly godly who sees God in all the affairs of this day, in the faces of living men, in the flowers and fields, who sees all the divine wonder and beauty of life, and not he who sees the Most High only in some legendary past or in a strange, imaginary future.

No man booms strong by reminiscence of his breakfast or dreaming of his next meal alone; each portion of

time must have its own fitting food. The soul of man never can find its fullness through either history or prophecy; it needs the sense of the spiritual in this living, pulsating, matter of fact present.

This world is slovenly, sinful, and evil because so many of us are content with the past or the future, with myth or with imagination, and fail to demand the development of the good that is our heritage to-day. The better day comes not by dreams, but by each man doing the best he can and securing all the good he can for his own day.

We need to give up the plan of saving the world by the pious of postponed pleasures and to find the fullness of life in the present to get below the surface of things and

DISCOVER LIFE'S REAL RICHES

to interpret this daily toil and struggle, and all this world of ours, in terms of the divine and infinite.

How much it would mean to our lives if we might learn, instead of sighing for the impossible, to get all the sweetness and joy that is in the things we have, how rich we would find the common lot to be, how many things that now seem dreary and empty would bloom into new beauty. In a child's smile, a wild flower's fragrance, a glint of sunlight, things possible to all, we would find joys unspeakable and full of glory.

This does not mean dull content with things as they are; it does mean the development of the faculties of appreciation, the growth of the life in power to see, the development of the dull earth with the glory of the ideal.

Some day, when we look back over our lives; how keen will be our regret as we realize what we have missed, as we have spurned the substance of life's lasting treasures, human loves, friendships, everyday beauties, and happiness, while chasing the shadows of imaginary joys.

HENRY F. COPE.

His fair companion was also wounded, but still sought to make a shield for him with her body. The soldiers closed in upon the doomed pair, but before they could reach them Arruzzi stabbed his wife to the heart, and then, turning the weapon on himself, put an end to his life.

RAISUL'S RULER.

I am not sure that it would be correct to describe Raisul as a brigand. Lawless and ruthless he undoubtedly is, and many cold-blooded crimes have been committed by him, but it should be pointed out that his hand has been against the Government rather than against society at large, and it must be allowed that his many followers regard him as being the rightful ruler of the land. Incidentally, of course, he has perpetrated many robberies, and not a few murders, but these have, in the main, been necessitated by his lack of private resources. All Moors are cruel, but I do not know that Raisul is unduly so. His methods, indeed, may be favorably compared with those obtaining at the Moorish Court.

BLOOD-CURLING HORRORS.

One bandit, who is justly notorious, has elaborated a system of torture which rivals the methods of the Inquisition. He employs, indeed, one form of argument that seldom fails to obtain from his victims the secret hiding-places of their wealth. In his entourage are two highly-trained wrestlers of huge stature. At a signal from their master these ruffians seize the captive, and throw him into the air in such a manner, that, according to their chief's desire, the victim falls and breaks his right or left shoulder, or his legs, or even, if he has been recalcitrant, his skull is smashed like an egg. Another device of this amiable person, which generally has weight with the friends of his captives, is the sending to them of various portions of the poor wretch's anatomy—an eye, a nose, a hand even, have been received in succession by the family of a wealthy victim as reminders of his ultimate intention if the ransom exacted be not forthcoming.

WEAK, SICKLY PEOPLE.

Will Find New Strength Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A great many young men and women are suddenly seized with weakness. Their appetite fails them; they tire on the least exertion, and become pale and thin. They do not feel any specific pain, but weakness. But that weakness is dangerous. It is a sign that the blood is thin and watery; that it needs building up. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore lost strength because they actually make new, rich blood—they will help you. Concerning Mr. Alfred Lepage, of St. Jerome, P. Q., says: "For several years I have been suffering from weakness and loss of strength. I had a very pale complexion, and my strength began to leave me; I was pale, thin and extremely weak. Our family doctor ordered a complete rest and advised me to remain out of doors as much as possible, so I went to spend several weeks with an uncle who lived in the Laurentides. I was in the hope that the bracing mountain air would help me, but it didn't, and I returned home in a deplorable state. I was subject to dizziness, indigestion and general weakness. One day I read of a case very similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. After taking four boxes of the pills I felt greatly improved, so continued their use for some time longer and they fully cured me. I am now able to go about my work as well as ever I did and have nothing but the greatest praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The blood—good blood—is the secret of health. If the blood is not pure the body becomes diseased or the nerves shattered. Keep the blood pure and disease cannot exist. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood—that is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion, headache, backache, kidney trouble and the secret ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by all medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LEAPED FROM CHURCH TOWER.

Demented Girl Chooses Strange Method of Suicide.

An extraordinary case, culminating in a tragic death, occurred in the village of Saggart, County Dublin, Ireland, on a recent Sunday. At two in the afternoon, a young woman, Minnie Hunt, was seen to enter the tower of the Roman Catholic Church, and a few minutes later appeared on the roof, 120 feet above the ground.

A large crowd gathered at the foot of the tower, and attempts were made to rescue her, but she had locked the door behind her, and threatened to fling herself down if anyone came near. The Rev. Father Seaver, however, succeeded in reaching the top of the tower, and came within a few yards of the girl. Each time he approached her she rushed to the parapet.

He then knelt and prayed, holding aloft a crucifix, which he implored the girl to take hold of. Her only reply was, "We shall meet on the ground." Father Seaver continued to pray for three hours, when the girl suddenly gave a loud cry, threw up her arms and fell to the ground.

She received terrible injuries, which caused death, and a verdict to this effect was returned at the inquest.

Some men never miss the water till their throats get dry.

The Home

COOKING RECIPES.

Beef Omelet.—One and one-half pounds of round steak ground, two eggs, one-fourth cupful of milk, two slices of bread crumbed, salt and pepper to taste.

Tomato Fritters.—Pare ripe tomatoes, chop fine, season with salt and pepper and stir in flour containing a teaspoonful of soda, to make a thin batter. Drop in spoonfuls in hot fat, brown and serve at once.

Cheese Salad.—Grate one-half pound of cheese, mix with enough cream to bind together, shape into small balls and arrange for individual serving on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with diced celery and rings cut from hard-boiled eggs, and dress with mayonnaise.

Stuffed Peppers.—Minced shrimps and bread crumbs in equal parts, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, anchovy sauce, salt, pepper, and butter to taste. Mix all to a smooth paste and stuff into clean peppers. Strew the top with bread crumbs and butter. Bake to a light brown in a quick oven, place a poached egg on top, and serve at once.

Grape Fritters.—One heaping cupful of flour, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil or melted butter, pinch of spice and salt, one cupful of water. When mixed smoothly add the beaten whites. Dip little clusters of grapes in the batter and fry. Take up and lay on brown paper for a minute to free from fat. Dust with powdered sugar and serve either hot or cold, as a dessert.

Peach Meringue Pudding.—Stew the peaches in a syrup of sugar and water until tender; remove and boil the syrup until thick, then pour over the peaches. Make a cornstarch custard of the yolks of two or three eggs, about a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch (wet in cold milk), sugar, and vanilla. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and sugar, and spread over the peaches. Use the custard as sauce.

Apple Catsup.—Peel and quarter a dozen tart cooking apples, stew soft in just enough water to keep them from burning, then rub through a sieve. To every quart of the apple pulp add a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of pepper, one each of cloves and mustard, two of cinnamon and two medium-sized onions grated. Mix all thoroughly, adding a tablespoonful of salt and a pint of best cider vinegar. Boil gently for an hour, and bottle while hot and seal.

Potato Puffs.—For serving with afternoon tea, potato puffs are particularly useful. Take three ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, the size of a nutmeg, two eggs and a little grated nutmeg. Put all the ingredients together, make to a nice paste and fry a delicate brown with plenty of butter. Serve on a paper doily and keep them as hot as possible. If you wish them for a course they are very nice with white sauce.

Preserved Pears.—Pare the fruit with a silver knife and drop into a bowl of cold water to preserve the color. When all are pared, put into a pan of clear, cold water, and boil until almost tender. Make a syrup of the water in which the pears were boiled, allowing one pound of sugar to each half-pint of water. Drop the pears into the syrup and cook them slowly until they can be pierced with a silver fork. Put the fruit in hot jars and cover with the boiling syrup. Seal lightly.

Tapioa Soup with Tomatoes.—Have six ounces of tapioa and put into a saucepan with two quarts of fairly rich white stock. Let boil up for a minute, then simmer for two hours. In another saucepan cook half a dozen large tomatoes, an onion, a small bay leaf, and salt and pepper. When the tomatoes are quite cooked, strain through a fine sieve and add to the tapioa. Strain all then through a sieve, set over the fire to re-heat and add two ounces of melted butter.

Lemon Pie.—One large cupful of boiling water, into which stir one-half cupful of sugar, piece of butter size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water; let this cook well. Juice of one lemon (or about two tablespoonfuls of juice), some of the grated rind (I do not like the whole), one cup of sugar added to the juice; pour the cooked thickening into this and add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake in custard pie plate until it bubbles in the middle; well; cool and frost.

Rice and Apple Pudding.—A cupful of rice, six apples, a little chopped lemon peel, two cloves, sugar. Boil the rice for ten minutes; strain it through a hair sieve until quite dry. Put a cloth into a pudding basin and lay the rice round it like a crust. Cut the apples into quarters and lay them in the middle of the rice with a little chopped lemon peel, cloves and some sugar. Cover the fruit with rice, tie up tight and boil for an hour. Serve with melted butter, sweetened and poured over it.

Veal and Rice Pie.—Boil a tea-cupful of rice in boiling water ten minutes. Strain it quite dry, peel a Spanish onion, chop fine with a bunch of parsley, a little lemon thyme, pepper and salt. Cut four rashers of rather fat bacon, line a pie dish with the bacon, then the rice and onion; cut up two pounds of the breast of veal in small pieces, lay those on the seasoned rice. Three parts fill the dish with quite boiling water, cover with a nicely mashed potato crust, and bake in a moderately hot oven one hour and a half.

Broiled Oysters.—Select for this large oysters. Drain them on a cloth or napkin, turning them from side to side to make them as dry as possible. Meanwhile soften some butter and season some cracker crumbs with salt and pepper. Then, holding each oyster on a fork, dip it into the crumbs, then into the melted butter, and again into the crumbs. Arrange them in an oyster broiler (which differs from ordinary broilers by having the wires closer together) and broil over a hot fire for about two minutes, turning the broiler every few seconds. They should not be shrivelled, but plump, soft, tender and juicy.

USEFUL HINTS.

Make potatoes look white and floury by boiling in as little water as possible, strain, and take at once to an open door. Give the potatoes a vigorous shake in the saucepan, and let it remain uncovered at the side of the stove for five minutes before serving.

Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soapsuds quickly, wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it rub with rotten-stone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil, and polish with chamois skin.

Oranges and lemons should invariably be washed and the rinds brushed with a soft brush. Apart from the certainty that the fruit has passed through many doubtfully clean hands and receptacles, the specks often seen on the fruit are stated to be of a parasitic nature.

Three hot dinners can be served up from a sirloin of beef. Cut the flank off and either salt it or spice it, then boil with fresh vegetables. The undercut may be removed and either larded and roasted, or served as fillet steaks. The prime cut which alone remains can be toasted in the usual way.

For Flavoring Cakes.—Make sweet spice for flavoring cakes as follows: Two ounces each of cloves, cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg; 1 oz. of ginger and 3 oz. of sugar. These ingredients should be finely powdered, mixed well, and passed twice through a wire sieve. Place in air-tight canisters for use.

A Good Use for Old Blankets.—When blankets have become thin and unsightly from long use, have them washed, put two or three together, and cover them with pretty sateen to make quilts. Button down the quilts here and there, mattress fashion, to keep them in proper shape, and finish off with a nice frill of sateen.

To restore faded upholstery, beat the dust out, then brush. Apply a strong lather of Castile soap with a hard brush, wash off with clear water, then wash with alum-water. On becoming dry the colors will look as well as ever. When colors are faded beyond recovery they may be touched up with a pencil dipped in water-colors of suitable shade, mixed with gum-water.

With hazel, much diluted with water, success, as a means of preventing the dark circles under the eyes, which are so damaging to the appearance. These are usually the sign of weakness or ill-health, and while external treatment is always helpful, the root of the matter should also be attacked, and the system strengthened by taking a tonic, going to bed early, and by indulging in as much fresh air and moderate exercise as possible.

Care must be taken to avoid opening the oven door for 5 minutes after the cake has been placed in it, whilst on removing it or drawing it to the front to see if it is being baked evenly the least jar must be avoided, or the lightness of the cake will be interfered with. When lemon-peel is used for making buns or cakes it should be pared as thinly as possible or grated finely. In order to mix it easily with the other ingredients, it is a good plan to moisten it first with a little of the milk or eggs which are used in the recipe.

The correct method in which to line a round cake-tin with paper is that of first cutting a double thick band of the paper about 2½ to 3½ inches wider than the depth of the tin itself, and somewhat longer than its girth. The band should then be folded over for about 1 inch, and then opened out, when a series of notches should be cut out at even distances, so that the paper band, when laid at the bottom of the tin, will lie flat, the "hem" covering the space between the outer band and circular piece of paper to cover the bottom, which is inserted last of all.

HOW CATTLE QUEEN BEGAN.

Almost Penniless, Started with Few Cheap Cattle on Homestead.

A few years ago a woman in Texas was almost penniless, a babe in her arms, her husband killed in a "round-up" of cattle, and only enough money on hand to bury him, but she had unlimited courage as well as an end in view. The cowboys bought her a pony, a tent, and an outfit, and she took up a homestead, borrowed money, to get started, picked up a few cheap cattle, for of necessity she had to start in a meagre way. In about ten years she became known as a "cattle queen," and to-day is one of the Texas millionaires. She says any woman can do as much and more by using her mind instead of losing herself in the drudgeries of domesticity.

Friend—"I am afraid your husband has a very bad cold; he's continually sneezing. It's quite painful to hear him. Why don't you ask a doctor to see him?" Matron—"Well, I'm waiting just a few days because it annoys baby so to see his father sneeze."

THE MURDEROUS MOOR

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE LAND OF RAISUL.

The Principle of an Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for a Tooth Is Maintained.

There is probably no country in the world—save, perhaps, the Congo—where human life is held so cheaply as in the land of the Moors. And certainly there is no land where the sanctity of the human body is so lightly violated. In a walk through the soko—or marketplace—of any Moorish town what chiefly impresses itself on the visitor is the extraordinary number of mutilated persons. Poor wretches who have lost a hand, or a foot, or an eye are to be encountered at every turn; and should a question be put to any of these unfortunate, reply would be made, with a shrug of the shoulders, that some comparatively trivial offence had been the cause of this ghastly punishment. On one occasion the writer put the question to a maimed Berber, the withered stump of whose arm seemed to indicate that more than ordinary brutality had attended the loss of his hand, writes Frank Scudamore, the famous war correspondent.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

"How was it done?" was the question. And the maimed creature's reply and accompanying gesture were gruesomely significant. The sater—or executioner—said the fellow, had slit the skin of the wrist with his knife and had screwed off the hand!

"And did you scream?" was the further question.

The Moor shook his head. "One does not protest," he said, "or one would lose his head as well as his hand."

Of course, throughout Morocco the lex talionis is everywhere in force. The principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is maintained with literal exactness, and although the alternative of a money compensation is accepted in theory, in practice, it is seldom allowed. Intertribal vengeance, indeed, are carried out with an atrocious ferocity that Europeans can ill conceive.

THE STORY OF ARRUIZZI.

Whosoever takes shelter in one of them—he be he murderer or bandit, or merely a fugitive from what passes for justice—he is immune from pursuit or punishment for so long as he chooses to remain within the sacred precincts; moreover, the people of the Dour nearest to the shrine are constrained by custom to provide food and drink for him. And inasmuch as these sanctuaries are very numerous, it will readily be guessed that they put a premium on deeds of violence. If it were not for these shrines there would probably be but few brigands.

The most common form of crime is the abduction of children for purposes of domestic slavery, and from this cause result blood feuds that continue from generation to generation.

The wish nearest to the heart of every Moor is to conceal from his neighbors—and especially from his superiors—the existence of any property he may possess. The reason for this is very simple, for wealth in Morocco brings misfortune on its owner.

One of the best-known bandits of modern times was a Berber named El Arruzzi, tales of whose atrocities are even yet

WHISPERED UNDER THE BREATH.

although their perpetrator is no more. Arruzzi was not less brave than ferocious. Alone and unaided, he would make a sudden descent upon a village, and carry off the best horses and the prettiest women of the tribe. He had many wives—one of them, by the way, being a beautiful girl who accompanied him on his many plundering expeditions and was well-nigh as intrepid as himself.

Moorish justice is not far-reaching, but at length his many villainies drew down upon him the vengeance of the law. Arruzzi fled from shrine to shrine, but at length found himself surrounded in a wood away from the shelter of a sanctuary. There he fought like a wild beast at bay, until, covered with wounds and utterly exhausted, he recognized that he must fall into the hands of his enemies.

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be.

Certain relief and usually complete recovery will result from the following treatment:

Hope, rest, fresh air, and—**Scott's Emulsion.**

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.



MINDEN ECHO

27 | 9 | 1907

THE MURDEROUS MOOR
OF AUNT
THE STORY OF AUNT
Aunt's story of the murder of her husband, the Moor, is a tale of love and hate, of passion and revenge. It is a story that has been told in many forms, from the old ballads to the modern novels. The Moor is a man of great power and wealth, but he is also a man of great cruelty and ambition. He has a wife who is beautiful and young, but she is also a woman of great strength and courage. The Moor's love for his wife is a love that is based on passion and desire, but it is also a love that is based on control and domination. The Moor's wife is a woman who is used to being controlled and dominated, but she is also a woman who is used to being loved and cherished. The Moor's wife is a woman who is used to being loved and cherished, but she is also a woman who is used to being controlled and dominated. The Moor's wife is a woman who is used to being loved and cherished, but she is also a woman who is used to being controlled and dominated.

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MONTE CARLO HORRORS

THREE THOUSAND KNOWN SUICIDES AND MURDERS.

These Tragedies Are Making Such an Impression That the Resort May Be Closed.

Monte Carlo's gambling hell must go. That is the cry of the moment. It was the cry fifteen years ago when a great international petition was drawn up and presented to France. But then there was no result, writes a London correspondent.

Monte Carlo, since its establishment on All Fools' Day, 44 years ago, has been the forcing bed of crime. Swindlers, thieves, murderers, demi-mondaines from all the outthroat haunts of the universe gather there and wax fat on the spoils of their trade. Men and women, respectable in the past, have there been ruined morally and socially, for in the mad lust for gold they stop at nothing.

There are innumerable books written about Monte Carlo. From none of them is omitted the terrible tale of blood. In two of these books, written only a short time ago, are records of suicides and murders. One of these is called *Histoires des Crimes et Suicides*, a nice little certainly. And in that book is an appalling list of 3,000 known suicides and murders committed in Monte Carlo in the space of fifteen years. The known suicides average fully 200 a year, and some weeks there have been as many as three a day.

The Casino authorities do everything to hush up scandals and news of tragedies. A large force of plain-clothes men are engaged either to prevent suicides or to hurry the body of the dead unfortunate out of the way. It is estimated that more than one-half of the tragedies of Monte Carlo are never heard of except by the Casino staff.

The corpse is rushed quietly to the morgue—

A SECRET MORGUE.

Here it is kept some time to see whether relatives or friends are going to interfere or kick up a row. Every once in a while a steamer slips out of the harbor at dead of night. Its cargo is secured at the secret morgue. At sea the bodies are thrown overboard duly weighted without toll of bell or muttered prayer.

There are countless graves of unknown dead in the Monte Carlo cemetery. But these are only those whose death has become known to the public.

The Casino authorities have a special bureau whose duty it is to relieve persons who are in the habit of losing. Few know of this, from this bureau would not be so ready to help him as to represent him away from his home.

perhaps, or there CANADIAN deaths.

The dead-broke gambler is taken through many inner chambers and before stern-faced men to whom he has to tell his history in detail. He is also confronted with the different croupiers who testify as to whether he really lost as much as he may claim. Then the wretched man has to sign a document promising himself forever from Monaco. His name and particulars are written in the black book, his photograph is taken and given to the doorkeepers and other officials to study and then the man is taken to the railway station, a ticket bought, a few dollars given to him and an official escorts him as far as the frontier. Should he return it would not avail him. The police would turn him back again into France.

There is the case of an important Indian army officer who went broke. The authorities gave him first-class passage to Calcutta and \$250 expense money. He HAD LOST SEVERAL THOUSANDS.

As much as \$2,500 has been paid out to a big loser so that he could settle up his hotel bill and take himself and family home. Should such money be paid back the Casino might again welcome the man. The sums usually paid range from \$25 to \$200 and an average of 1,000 people a year apply for this relief.

Among the tragedies of Monte Carlo many have been of interest in America. There have been a score or more Americans who have committed suicide. In the case the other day of the American girl-bride both she and her husband, enticed on their honeymoon to the paradise of the Riviera, could not resist the temptation to play a dollar or two at the tables. They won—and lusted immediately for more. And then, as usual they began losing. Day after day, night after night, instead of billing and cooing, they wasted the sunny hours over the gambling tables, feverishly trying to win back what they had lost. And then, of a sudden, the end came. All their re-

sources had been swallowed up. Their jewellery, the bride's trousseau and bits of finery, had all been pawned or sold, and the money swept into the voracious maw of the Casino. Their hotel bill at Castlemore was large. The glimpse of the black future was too much for their youthful experience, and so they decided that death alone could solve their problem.

One of the most pitiful of the thousands of cases was that of another bride couple—Germans. For the honeymoon they also went to the Riviera. The bridegroom made it partly a business trip, for he was authorized to visit various continental cities and

COLLECT BILLS FOR HIS FIRM.

He was on his way home when Monte Carlo was reached, the man had \$40,000 in his possession—the collections. Fearing that he might be tempted to play some of it he handed the whole sum as well as his own money to his wife, and visited the Casino alone with but a five dollar bill. This he quickly lost, but he spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening enjoying the beauties of the Casino and attending the concert and fine theatre. When he returned to his hotel that night he found his wife gone. She had left soon after he did. The man at once informed the Nice police. They in turn told the Monte Carlo authorities and the bride was traced. She had gone to the gambling-rooms and tried her luck. It had been bad and she was soon plunging large sums in order to regain her losses. In a few hours the entire sum entrusted to her by her husband was lost. The bride walked out of the place closely followed by the anti-suicide guardians. But before they could reach her, she had jumped over the terrace to death 200 feet below.

Another bride couple from France arrived in the middle of the most fragrant season. The groom went to the tables and was soon gambling mad. He lost every cent he could beg, borrow or steal from his bride. One day he was missing. The police found his body for her. The bride of a month was a widow and penniless. She was an orphan and her husband had received her dot in cash. In a week's time that poor widow was forced to make her living as a demi-mondaine on the very spot where she began her woman's life so happily.

It is not alone the heavy list of ruined gamblers gambling the solace of death, for which Monte Carlo is responsible. It is responsible for more deaths and for more misery than any other single institution of its kind in the world.

YET ITS GREATEST CURSE

is the ruination of thousands of homes and families far away from its gilded halls. The undesired wretchedness, the untold anguish, the fearful privation of women and children, living in other lands who belong to the man who is ruined, can never be estimated.

The profits of the Casino are immense. Last year they were \$7,500,000, an in-

crease of 70 per cent, of this was paid to the shareholders. And strange to say, one of these is the Pope, for on the formation of the company, years ago, Leo XIII. was one of the first and largest of the outside shareholders. The majority of the shares are held by the Blanc family, the leading member of which is the Princess Marie Bonaparte, whose father was Prince Roland Bonaparte, and mother, the daughter of M. Blanc, the founder of Monte Carlo. She is the wealthiest princess in the world and is about to be married to a royal prince, who needs money, whether it be drenched with the blood of suicides and murderers or sopping with the tears of tens of thousands of heart-broken women and children.

The Prince of Monaco has not a single share. But he derives his entire income from the sum paid him by the gamblers' company for the lease of Monaco. The prince in return for the gambling concession has been getting an annual income of \$250,000 and all the expenses of running the State of Monaco including the maintenance of the army and royal palace. He recently granted a further contract to the Monaco Sea-Bathing Company. This concession now extends till 1947 and the annual income of the prince has been raised \$100,000. Every ten years it will be raised an additional \$50,000. In six years' time the Casino will also have to pay him

A LUMP SUM OF \$3,000,000.

As many people point out in the press, it will be very hard indeed to stop the gambling in virtue of the above concession and contract. It is stated on behalf of the Prince of Monaco, that he is by no means in favor of the Casino, that he abhors the gambling and the consequent scandal in his state and that could he do so, he would at once stop it. But in the old original contract it was agreed that the concession should be extended to 1947 and the prince is not rich enough to break the contract and pay the indemnity which the law would quickly assess.

All the high-class papers of Britain are demanding the suppression of Monte Carlo. The Times, the Pall Mall, the Express, the Leader, the News are but a few of the big London dailies. In the Times is the request that President Roosevelt take the initiative. The statement in the Times says "the American plutocrats are as prominent at the tables as the aristocracy of Europe."

The man who thinks he is wealthy because he is worldly usually is short weight when it comes to works. A cook can do more to foster domestic peace than the most saintly ministerial adviser.

"Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?" "Doesn't matter, old man. Cheque, money, order, or cash."

Celluloid REE Starch

Just send us your name and address on a post-card and we'll mail you a Painting Book for the little folks and a quarter-pound package of Celluloid Starch. That means fun for the children and satisfactory starching for you. Celluloid Starch requires no boiling, gives a perfect finish to the clothes and never makes the iron stick. Write to-day for this free book and sample.

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certainly do need Kendall's Spavin Cure. Whether it's from a Bruise, Cut, Strain, Swelling or Spavin, KENDALL'S will cure the lameness—quickly—completely. CURE, SAFE, May 16th '06. "I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for 20 years and find it a sure cure."

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Mr. Fussey—"I don't see why you wear those ridiculously big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them." Mrs. Fussey—"Do you fill your silk hat?"

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

Curate (addressing congregation at a social meeting)—"My dear friends, I will not call you 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' since I know you too well."

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious skin on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

"Everything she tells you is exaggeration." "Did you ever ask her age, or the size of her shoes?"

"That man is so honest he wouldn't steal a pin," said the admiring friend. "I never thought much of the pin test," answered Miss Cayenne. "Try him with an umbrella!"

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Eucalypti Extract is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child, do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Usually when a man imagines he is in love he merely has a touch of dyspepsia.

Rose-colored spots on the bodies of children are sometimes mistaken for measles. The trouble may be rosacea, a local disease of the skin. Promptly cured with Weaver's Corset.

But the conceit of the self-made man isn't in it with that of the tailor-made woman.

Its Power Grows With Age—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market. Yet it remains, doing more good to humanity than many a preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

Girls begin to sit up and take notice of young men about the same time they begin to see something of interest in a mirror.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

RANDOM REMARKS.

Busy people are never busy bodies. To-morrow is only yesterday two days off.

Advice is cheap till you begin to follow it. May the best you wish for be the worst you get.

It's never too late to kiss a pretty girl good-night once again.

We like our friends to be perfectly frank about other people.

We should never suspect how good some people are unless they told us. Try to gain a reputation greater than you deserve. Then deserve it.

Little Ethel: "There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa." Papa: "Did he have a bill?" Little Ethel: "No, papa; just a plain nose!"

The spice of a gossip's life is a slanderous story.

A wise man may be unable to find any sense in a railroad time table.

BOY OF TEN HANGED.

Condemned by Court Martial of Children in Russia.

Any surface appearances of a possible renaissance in Russia are swept out of mind by the appalling evidence of demoralization in the social life of the masses. The distracted peasants are wreaking vengeance on the revolutionaries and the officials alike. In the lower Volga district of Makariett, where grain stacks have been set on fire, the peasants got a firm idea, which the priests and police encouraged, that the incendiarism was the work of revolutionaries.

While one fire was raging they seized three young men who were suspected of being "politicians," bound them and threw them into the flames. One of the young men managed to extricate himself four times, but each time he was thrown back, and was finally strangled and his body burned to ashes.

A man named Losoff confessed that he was a terrorist, and that the organization paid twenty-five roubles for every successful fire, the object being to lay waste the entire district.

A shocking illustration of the moral anarchy prevailing occurred in the grazing lands of Kieh province. A number of children employed by shepherds accused one of their own number, a boy of ten, of theft, and tried him by court-martial. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, and the boys carried out the sentence. The eldest boy was only twelve years of age.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hidden sins are hard to heal. Cursing yesterday does not correct to-day.

The selfish heart always is short sighted.

Only a dead faith lies wrapped 'n formalities.

No language is more eloquent than a life of love.

The beautiful life loses no time looking for a mirror.

They who never stop for little joys find no large ones.

The church is a shelter for the sinner, but not for his sins.

There is more religion in one smile than in a score of sighs.

If you want to set the pace, be sure you're on the right path.

To turn from another's sorrow may be to miss your best joy.

There is no harmony in any song in which the heart does not sing.

The world never will be made clean by folks trying to scrub one another.

They who work as if the Master was ever near find him always by them.

He has no real riches who does not put the treasures of friendship first of all.

The world may care little for theology, but it recognizes with joy the heavenly life and love.

Many never wait the check of success, because they wait for the world's ill.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering.

The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

He—"You're getting your hat ruined." She—"Well, it's an old hat, and I do hate to wet my new umbrella."

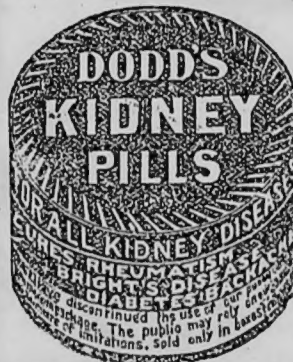
Overworked Persons, either mentally or physically, should try "Ferrovin," the world renowned nerve and blood tonic and they will quickly recover strength and health.

Conceited people would not be so bad if they didn't spend so much time in trying to monopolize all the lime-light.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording relief from all summer complaints.

He—"Yes; I always sleep in gloves; keeps your hands so soft." She—"Really! And do you sleep in your hat too?"

A man has no right to kick about the hats his wife wears. All he has to do is pay for them—he doesn't have to wear them.



marked (as above) in red, and guaranteed to you by stores that sell it and the people who make it. Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in form-fitting sizes for women, men and children. Look for the PEN-ANGLE.



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The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.

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"I thought I must go on suffering from piles until I died; but Zam-Buk cured me," says Mrs. E. Reed, of Stouffville (Ont.), and adds—"I was so weakened that I could hardly move about, and a little work caused me great agony. Then I heard of this grand balm, and I am thankful to say that it has cured me."

Zam-Buk also cures cuts, burns, bruises, stiffness, sores, ulcers, chafed places, sore feet, rough red skin, itching, and all skin injuries and diseases. Bruggate and stores at \$1.50. A box of Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 5 boxes for \$7.50.



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